THE

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THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.

THE best way to visit Upper Egypt is in one's own dahabeiah. These are large and elegant river boats, carrying immense spread of sail and fitted up with comfort and elegance. Before the steady north wind, which blows almost constantly on the Nile, these dahabeiahs are wafted up the river as far as the first cataract, and are even dragged up the rapids and on to the second cataract or further. On the return trip the sails are stowed away, rowing benches are rigged, and the sturdy Arab crew ply their oars, aided by the stream, for the down trip.

It is, however, only royal princes and wealthy persons who can indulge in this luxury. It requires, also, several months to satisfactorily make this luxurious voyage. For busy people, whose time is short and whose purse is light, the tourist firm of Thomas Cook & Son have made admirable arrangements for the Nile voyage. They almost entirely control the steam service on the Nile, having obtained important concessions from the Khedival Government in return for the valuable services rendered during the recent revolt of Arabi Bey and the Mahdists. They performed the whole of the transport work required for the British army, shipping troops, stores, arms, ammunition, and the thousand things required for a military expedition. They entered into a contract with the British Government to supply 12,000 tons of coal. They not only filled this contract but supplemented it with nearly 60,000 tons more. They had at one time between Tyne and Alexandria a steam collier fleet of fifty vessels.

Their tourist steamers are large, comfortable and admirably found. Twice or thrice a week, from November to April, they

start from Cairo for the trip to the first cataract and return, stopping at every point of interest on the river and furnishing ample opportunities of visiting its historic ruins. Their mail service also offers excellent opportunities, and with still less expenditure of money, for seeing the principal sights upon the river. The steamers tie up every night at some river landing, and the mail service stops at even more of the native villages than do the tourist steamers, thus giving one ample facilities for studying the costumes and customs of the eagerly vociferating and gesticulating crowds at the many landings on the river. It is a scene of unceasing interest to see the vendors of fruit, vegetables, and supplies of food for the deck passengers, also the sellers of variegated fans, horse-tail fly whisks, curios, trinkets, toys, crocodile-skin whips, weapons and other objects dear to the tourist heart eagerly plying their most enthusiastic calling.

ARAB WELL.

In our mail steamer we had very pleasant company: a German Geheimrath, a sort of Counsellor of State, with his bride, on their wedding trip, we judged; another German gentleman and his valet; a British colonel and his wife; an Irish major of ponderous form, who seemed always fated to get the smallest donkey on our

rides, a very companionable, genial man who knew Canada well from end to end, having hunted and fished from Nova Scotia to Vancouver's Island; several military and civil officers of the

WITHOUT THE GATE, BAB-EN-NASR, CAIRO.

Khedival Government; some missionary travellers; an American gentleman who had gone round the world, and our Canadian party. In our many donkey-rides and explorations, and at the pleasant table intercourse, we soon became thoroughly acquainted.

The Imperial and Khedival officers were, of course, well informed as to the state of the country, and were very courteous in giving every information in their power to the inquiring tourist.

It was somewhat amusing to observe the German valet and the English maid of one of the lady passengers at dinner. As neither could understand the language of the other, their conversation, of course, was *nil,* but all the same, they smiled most sweetly in the observance of the little courtesies of table etiquette. The commissary of the steamer was an exceedingly intelligent native Copt, well educated at a Presbyterian mission-school, who spoke English well, with some linguistic piquancies which added much to the charm of his conversation. He was teaching in the mission-school and had views towards the Christian ministry, but failure of health compelled him to accept service with Messrs. Cook & Sons. He was the very soul of kindness and accompanied us, whenever possible, on our visits of exploration and sight-seeing, and added very greatly to the pleasure of our excursion.

Ample awnings furnished shelter from the sun, and nothing more delightful can be conceived than lounging on the camp chairs, watching the ever-varying panorama of the river, with the crowded villages and their picturesque population. Especially witching was the sunset hour, as the shadows of the yellow lime-stone cliffs lengthened across the wine-coloured water, and tender opalescent hues changed the distant hills to pearl, and over all bent the transparent sky graduated from glowing gold through exquisite tints of crimson, saffron, olive and purple to a deep ethereal blue.

Still more romantic was the glorious moonlight, silvering the waves and reflected from dome and minaret of village mosque, and bathing in beauty the vague, elusive night scene. In this clear atmosphere the stars shone out with a brilliance seldom seen in our northern clime. It was impossible not to think of the wondrous scenes of which the ancient Nile had been the witness: of the pride and pomp of the ancient Pharaohs; of the sufferings of the enslaved Israelites; of the many conquerors of the land of Misraim—Syrian, Greek, Roman, Persian, Saracen and Frank. Even more than Italy is Egypt "the land of all men's past."

On the lower deck was a motley group of native passengers; Copts, Turks, Armenians, Jews, Nubians, Egyptian merchants, and soldiers in their various picturesque garbs, prisoners chained and guarded, and in a little canvas harem by themselves a number of closely-veiled native women. Much of the scenery was very lovely. Glades of young, bright green wheat or barley, running up into groves of beautiful palms, here and there a splendid

sycamore, with fig trees filling up open spaces in the landscape. Great flocks of wild fowl, pelicans, herons and the Egyptian hawk —exactly like that which we saw a hundred times inscribed and painted on the rock tombs—soared in circles in the air, waded in the stream, or stalked along the shore.

BASALT STATUE OF RAMESES THE GREAT.

The river scenes are of never-failing interest. Groups of boats, flying before the breeze or tied up to the shore; great flat-horned black buffaloes—precisely the same as those painted upon the walls four thousand years ago—wallowing in the water or stalking along the bank; a never-ending procession of camels and donkeys, bearing burdens or dragging the rude plough in the field; graceful-gowned women filling their water-jars at the river-

side and bearing them with erect and easy carriage on their heads; fellaheen toiling in the fields or in the endless labour of the shadoof or sakeiah; ragged beggars importuning for backsheesh, or crooning the Koran with swaying gesture on the river banks.

At Gebel-et-Tyar the cliffs rise abruptly from the river to the height of several hundred feet. On the flat summit stands the Coptic convent of Sitteh Mariam el Adra—"Our Lady Mary the Virgin." The Coptic monks had the habit till recently of swimming off, half-naked, to the passing boat with the cry, "*Ana Christian ya hawagha*"—"I am a Christian, O traveller;" and very disreputable-looking Christians some of them were.

The cliffs in many places are honey-combed with ancient temples and grottoes, many of them elaborately frescoed, and bearing hieroglyphic Coptic, Greek or Roman inscriptions, and often containing skulls and bones, broken sarcophagi and mummy coffins, and even portions of mummied relics of humanity. In one of these grottoes is an interesting fresco of a colossus on a sledge. One hundred and seventy-two men are dragging on ropes the huge statue. It is one of the few paintings which throw any light on the methods by which these huge masses were moved. In front of the sledge are men pouring a liquid, apparently water or grease, on the pedestal of the statue to secure its easier movement on the track on which it is moved. On one end of the statue stands a man who claps his hands to the cadence of a song to mark the time, in order that the whole force may be applied at the same instant.

Manfaloot is a busy market town where formerly stood a church in which it is pretended that the holy family lived till the death of Herod. Near this is a famous mummy pit, where thousands of mummied crocodiles have been found. Immense numbers of mummied cats, hawks, ibises, wolves, apes and other animals have also been found.

Assiout is the largest town in Upper Egypt, with a population of 25,000, of whom about 1,000 are Christian. Around it are fertile fields of wheat. It has quaint and curious bazaars, baths, and some handsome mosques, an elegant governor's palace surrounded by a beautiful palm garden, and extensive American mission schools. In the Lybian range behind the town are some very ancient temples, those of the old city of Lycopolis. Many wolf mummies have been found here. The wolf being the sacred animal of the place, it gave the town its name. An occasional wolf may still be found prowling among the tombs. The view from the hills of the town, engirdling fields of vivid green, and the Nile winding for many miles, is one of the most beautiful in Egypt.

Some of the old convents date back to the early Christian centuries, when the whole of Thebaid and much of the Nile valley swarmed with Christian monks. Some of them have fading frescoes of biblical scenes akin to those in the catacombs of Rome and Alexandria.

One of the most interesting temples that we visited was that of Denderah, situated two or three miles from the landing. The number of donkeys waiting was insufficient for the persons who wished to ride. Consequently, they rose to a premium, and very

BAS-RELIEF OF CLEOPATRA.

sorry animals some of them were. I got astride a miserable beast which seemed all ears and bray, with a bone-dislocating gait. The gallant major declared, in broad Irish accent, that his donkey must be at least "a hundred years ould." Madame always fared well, inasmuch as the ladies' donkeys, with side-saddles, were of superior character. In the blithe morning air it was a merry party we made, riding through the fields of wheat, beans and lentils, past the many sakeiahs and shadoofs. This temple was one of the best preserved in Egypt. It retains still its roof, and illustrates admirably the purposes of these old temples. There is first

a court studded with four-and-twenty graceful lotus-crowned columns, completely covered with inscribed hieroglyphics, as are also the surrounding walls. Beyond this are successive chambers, courts, corridors and halls, and in the innermost penetralia a dark cell, the shrine of the deity. In this temple were found in the roof, though blackened with the smoke of torches, the famous zodiacs, which were supposed to be of vast antiquity, but are now known to be not earlier than of Ptolemaic or Roman date. The stone stairway in the wall leads to the flat roof, in which is the beautiful temple of Osiris. We climbed down by the light of a dim taper to a secret chamber underground, on which it is supposed were hidden the treasures and sacred vessels of the old Osirid worship. The shrines of the god, the treasury of the Pharaohs, were all bare and desolate. The processions and pageants have vanished forever. The sistrums and symbols are mute. Only the owls and the bats haunt these empty halls.

On the outer walls may still be seen, amid many other elaborate carvings, the portrait of Cleopatra and that of her son, although her features, as shown in the cut on previous page do not correspond with the records of her renowned beauty.

For miles before one reaches it, the lofty pylon or gateway to the magnificent temple of Edfou can be seen towering above the west bank. Till within a few years, it was only the top of the pylon that was visible, the great court, terraces and roof of the temple being filled and covered with the debris of ages, and surmounted with the mud huts of an Arab village. This rubbish has all been cleared out by Mariette Bey, and an unrivalled spectacle of an old Egyptian temple revealed. It was founded by Ptolemy Philopter, and still further adorned by Ptolemy Philometer and Euergetes II. Its length is 450 feet; the breadth of the pylon is 250 feet, and its height is 115 feet. The top of the tower is reached by 145 steps, and commands an admirable bird's-eye view of the temple and surrounding vicinity. This temple is peculiar, in that it has an outer wall surrounding it at a distance of only a few feet from the main temple. Every inch of wall surface is elaborately carved with historical or mythological sculptures. As we paced the lofty summit of the pylon, a loud wailing was heard from the squalid Arab hovels at its foot, and a funeral procession filed slowly through the narrow streets to the house appointed for all living. Doubtless like this were the funerals of the Israelite bondsmen three thousand years ago. So great is the multitude of tombs that all Egypt seems one great cemetery. Miss Edwards has computed that during the period when the process of embalming took place, not less than 800,000,000, equivalent to two-thirds the present population of the earth, were embalmed.

At Kom Ombo are the ruins of two temples, once the scene of stately pageants, so close to the bank of the Nile that the river is undermining their foundations, and they will probably soon fall

HUT OF A FELLAH, WITH ROOF OF POTS.

into the stream. The elaborately-carved lotus columns of the abandoned temples, which have known no worship for two thousand years, amid the silence and desolation of the desert were exceedingly impressive.

As we approach Assouan the features of the country begin to

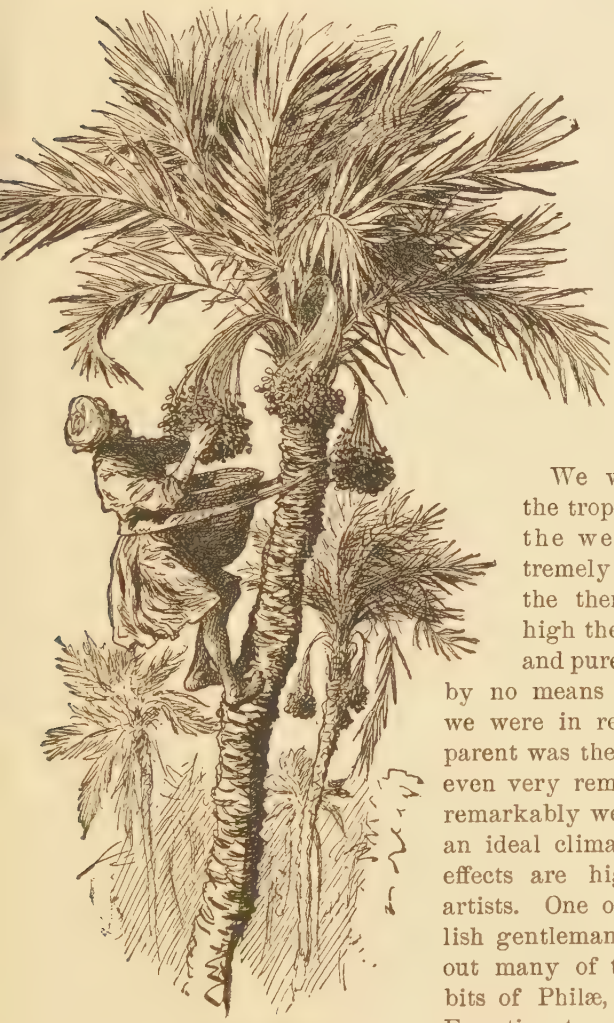
resemble Nubia—a more mountainous background and rocky foreground. Water-wheels occur at short intervals instead of shadoofs. These are generally protected from the sun by mats, an indication that one is reaching the tropics. Herodotus mentions a deep well at Assouan, which is within the borders of Nubia, in which, at the summer solstice, the rays of the sun reach the bottom. In mid-stream lies the Island of Elephantine, which has been well described as a mosaic of vivid green, golden sand and black syenite. The inhabitants of the island are all Nubians, and wear the characteristic Nubian dress, which consists chiefly of white linen or muslin garb wound round and round the person. The southern part of the island is covered with ruins of ancient temples and fortifications, and fragments of pottery on many of which are Greek inscriptions in running hand. Some of these I purchased from the natives.

Assouan is a great *entrepot* of merchandise from the Soudan and Central Africa. A wonderfully picturesque place the market is, with its great piles of wheat, of *doura*—a sort of pea, used for food for camels and for bread—of sugar-cane, dates, gum arabic, elephants' tusks, rhinoceros and crocodile hides and the like, brought by camel caravans from the distant desert. The Arabs, Soudanese, Berbers, Bicherese and other native races give great variety and picturesqueness to the scene.

I rode on my donkey through the crowded bazaar followed at every step by importunate vendors of ostrich feathers, eggs, ebony clubs, shields, arrows, lances, wicker baskets, and the scanty leather loin fringe of the dusky dames of Nubia. Extensive barracks of the Soudanese troops are arranged along the river. Their snowy uniform contrasts vividly with their jet black faces. There is also here an effective camel corps, commanded by British officers.

Not Assouan, however, but Philæ, was our objective point in coming so far up the historic Nile. There is a railway for six miles around the cataract, but the single train of the day had gone, and we had to ride on donkeys through the desert. We passed *en route* a dreary Arab cemetery, some of whose mouldering tombs were over a thousand years old. We saw, also, the ancient quarry from which were hewn most of the great obelisks of Egypt and of the world. One was partially hewn out of the mountain by hands which ceased from their labour well-nigh three thousand years ago. It is 95 feet long and 11½ feet wide at the largest part. The mode of detaching the stone was by driving in wedges into holes cut for the purpose and then saturating these wedges with water, when the stone was split off by their pressure. The holes for the wedges can still be seen.

After a six miles' donkey ride over the desert and through villages where we were besieged by numerous small fry begging for backsheesh, we embarked in a rather cumbrous river boat, rowed by half a score of coal-black Nubians dressed in white. As we reclined beneath our awnings and glided up between the rocky shores our sturdy boatsmen chanted in weird, wild cadence a song akin, I presume, to that which may have greeted the ears of Rameses the Great, or Tothmes, or Amenotoph.



DATE GATHERING.

We were now under the tropic of Cancer and the weather was extremely hot; but though the thermometer ranged high the air was so dry and pure that the heat was by no means oppressive while we were in repose. So transparent was the atmosphere that even very remote objects were remarkably well defined. It is an ideal climate and the light effects are highly prized by artists. One of these, an English gentleman, kindly pointed out many of the finest artistic bits of Philæ, the gem of the Egyptian temples. He pointed out the fine effects produced by the unknown artists who sculptured those walls over two thousand years ago, and the profound religious symbolism therein set forth—the death and resurrection of Osiris, and the weighing of souls in the last judgment in the spirit world.

The approach to the island of Philæ is exceedingly picturesque. The river winds in and out among gigantic black basalt or syenite rocks of most fantastic form and shape, and then, after a sharp turn or two, Philæ comes suddenly in sight. "Beautiful" is the epithet commonly applied to this spot, justly considered to present the finest bit of scenery on the Nile; but the beauty, or rather grandeur, is more in the framework of the picture than in the picture itself. The view from the top of the propylon tower at Philæ of all beyond the island is far finer than the view of Philæ itself from any point.

The Nile valley here takes on a wilder aspect. Huge rocks rise in tumbled masses, and, framed in a setting of feathery palms, come into view the pylons and colonnades of the famous temple. In the old pagan days no profane foot might tread this sacred spot. Only after purification and prayer might the pilgrim visit this holy shrine. The most solemn oath of the old Egyptian was, "By him who sleeps in Philæ."

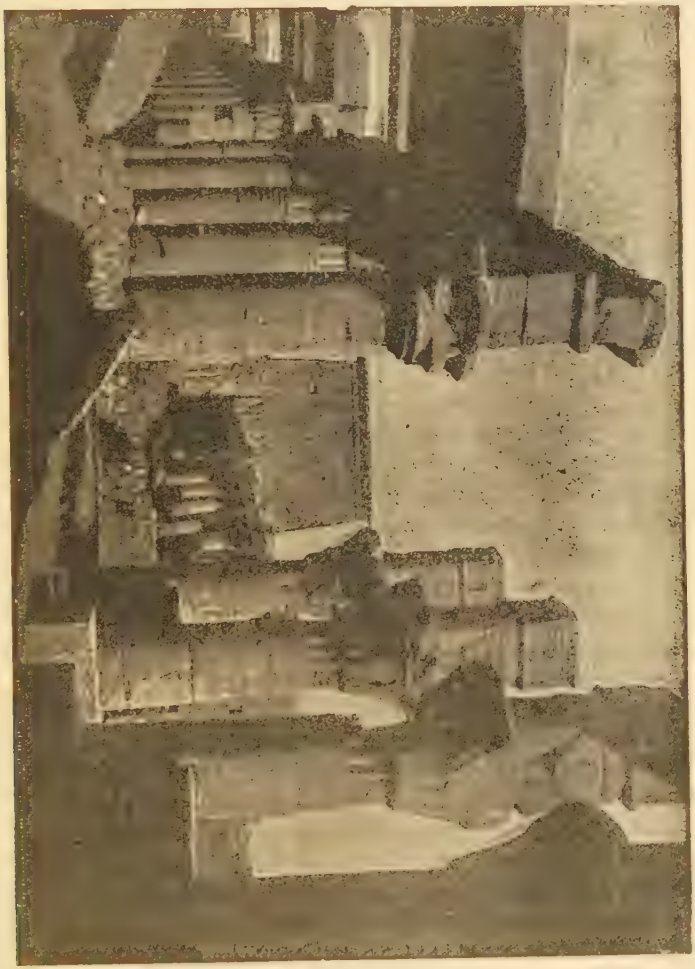
On the Holy Isle stands the most beautiful temple in Egypt—that of the goddess Isis and the god Osiris. Familiar as it is from pictures, "age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety."

Nowhere has the mania of the Egyptians for irregularity been carried to such an extent as here. "No Gothic architect in his wildest moments," says Ferguson in his "History of Architecture," "ever played so freely with his lines and dimensions, and none, it must be added, ever produced anything so beautifully picturesque as this. It contains all the play of light and shade, all the variety of Gothic art, with the massiveness and grandeur of the Egyptian style; and it is still tolerably entire, and retains much of its colour. There is no building out of Thebes that gives so favourable an impression of Egyptian art as this. It is true it is far less sublime than many, but hardly one can be quoted as more beautiful."

Never had temple more lovely approach than that through the double colonnade which we enter from the Nile. Mutilated and marred by time and by the wanton despoiler, there is yet a pathetic beauty about those exquisite columns and capitals, no two of which are alike, and some of which were left unfinished two thousand years ago and remain unfinished forever. Through court after court studded with graceful columns, we pass to the secret sanctuary of the god—once the abode of mystery and fear—now open to the light of day and to the wandering foot of the fox and the jackal. Everthing is covered—walls, columns, ceilings, pylons—with exquisite sculpture of the myths and symbols

of the dead, buried, and well-nigh forgotten worship of Isis and Horus, and Osiris.

Our tourist party had lunch in the great court beneath the lotus-crowned columns from which the mild face of the goddess



COLONNADE OF TEMPLE AT PHILÆ.

Hathor looked down with benign smile, as it had looked down on successive generations for two thousand years. Above glowed the deep blue sky, below the walls flowed the rapid Nile, around lay the rocky hills, and beyond stretched the melancholy waste of the Nubian desert. Where once the white-robed procession and stately pageant of priests and worshippers swept through

these marble halls, where their chant and invocation filled the air and incense smoked before the shrine of the false gods—all now is a desolation. Not a soul lives on the island, then the home of a sacred college which dominated the whole of Upper Egypt.

Seventy years after the decree of the Christian Emperor Theodosius had banished the worship of the old gods elsewhere, it still lingered in this retired spot. Then the Coptic Christians took possession of the heathen temple in the name of the true God. The great court was converted into a Christian church, as an inscription attests: "By the well-beloved of God, the Abbot-Bishop Theodore." The sign of salvation was inscribed on wall and column, and as a Coptic inscription records, "the Cross conquered and will conquer forever." There we behold the sacred symbol to-day—a promise and a prophecy of the conquest of the cross over the whole world.

MILD-FACED HATHOR.

At length the cross, in turn, gave place, for a time, to the crescent. The blight of Islam covered the land, and a squalid Arab village defaced the island—sacred successively to Osiris and to Christ. The moral degradation of Moslemism was illustrated to us in the naked savages who swam the cataract of the Nile and then wrangled for backsheesh like dogs for a bone.

No hope is there of the regeneration of this land but through its re-conquest by Christianity. Of that re-conquest we have signs in the missions and mission-schools of the American Presbyterian Church, which are found in every considerable town from Alexandria to Assouan. Many of these we visited, and saw the result of their influence in the native Christians who are shining as lights in a dark place, and by their blameless lives are living epistles read and known of all men.

The beautiful hypæthral temple, known as Pharaoh's Bed, is a rectangular structure of late date, surrounded by an intercolumnial screen of fourteen columns—one of the most picturesque objects of the Nile.

Many of the black syenite rocks near Assouan are covered with

inscriptions of Greek or Roman travellers before the Christian era. As recently as 1822 a Turkish governor of Assouan, to obtain stone for building a palace, destroyed the very interesting remains of two ancient temples in Elephantine, as well as an ancient nilometer, an old Roman quay, the remains of which, crowned by a creaking water-wheel, and backed by a fertile garden, are still very picturesque.

A few words before we close on the illustrations which accompany this article. Our frontispiece shows the very impressive hall of Luxor. The obelisk to the left is a twin of that in the *Place de la Concorde* in Paris. The colossal figures on either side of the tower have been recently, in part, exhumed. The basalt bust, on page 319, shows admirably the effect of its illumination by magnesium light. It was exceedingly impressive amid the surrounding darkness. The squalid hut of the fellah, on page 323, shows how these are sometimes roofed by empty pottery, which forms a light and at the same time strong covering. The date crop of Upper Egypt forms a very important part of its food supply. The picture on page 325 shows how the date fruit is gathered, by the Arabs climbing its rough stems with their tough feet.

PRAYER.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

FATHER of all, our needs are very many!
For pardon and for purity we plead;
For grace on which to lean when strength is failing,
And very present help in time of need;
Be every sigh a prayer, and every tear!
We thank Thee that Thou knowest how to hear.

O listen to the Saviour's tender pleading,
Who died, our inmost agony to reach;
O hear the Holy Spirit interceding
With urgent prayer too passion-deep for speech;
Ourselves, we know not how—we cannot pray,
Till Jesus and the Spirit show the way.

And Thou art mighty, yea, and Thou art willing,
More than our fathers and our mothers are,
To give great gifts as much above our asking,
As from our earth the highest heaven is far;
Sure is Thy favour as that Thou dost live;
Now teach us how to *take* what Thou dost give!

VICTORIA, B.C.

INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.*

X.

DECCAN COUNTRYMAN.

Nasik is the Benares of the West, and plays the same part to the Godaveri River as Benares does to the Ganges. The city is built on both sides of the river. The banks are lined with temples, shrines, cupolas, and platforms, and many others rise in the middle of the shallow river. At the Singhast festival some 300,000 pass through the town in the course of two or three weeks.

The various stone basins through which the river passes are called *Kunds*. That on the Panchawati side is Rama's Kund, where the god was wont to bathe. The ashes of the dead are thrown into the river from its steps.

Half a mile down the river, and across the ferry, is a hill about 200 feet high, called Sunar Ali, from which a most interesting view of the whole city, river, and temples can be obtained. The source of the Godaveri River is on the side of a mountain behind the village of Trimbak, and is reached by a flight of some 700 steps; the prospect is superb. Here is a small tank, into which the holy water of the source trickles from the lips of a graven image under a stone canopy. This tiny stream, though rising within fifty miles of the Bombay coast, flows 900 miles across India, and falls into the Bay of Bengal.

There is a vigorous mission station at Nasik under the care of the Church Missionary Society. It was commenced about fifty years ago. In the earlier days of the mission, great attention was given to educational work in the town itself, nearly all the

* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. Caine, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

education being at one time in the hands of the Church Missionary Society's missionaries, one of whom was the father of Archdeacon Farrar, who was born at Nasik.

The grand old fortress of Chandor, 4,000 feet high, in the midst

RAMA'S KUND, NASIK.

of a fine range of lofty mountains, is almost inaccessible, and of great natural strength. Yeola is a town of some importance, well worth visiting, with a large silk-weaving and gold twist industry, employing 7,000 persons of both sexes. A very superior yellow silk cloth, called *pitambar*, and fine silk pieces with borders of silver or gold are made at Yeola.

The railway journey of 119 miles from Bombay to Puna is one of the most beautiful in the world.

Kalyan is an ancient town, but with no antiquities left worth notice. It is now a thriving place, an important railway junction, with a population of 14,000, most of whom get their living by husking rice, the staple industry of the district.

GOLD WIRE-DRAWERS, YEOLA.

Neral is the station for Matheran, a beautiful hill sanitarium, 2,460 feet above the sea, a favourite resort of Bombay Europeans. It is an eight-mile climb to Matheran, but by writing the day before to an official known as "the Superintendent," at Matheran, ponies or palkis with coolies, will be provided to meet the train. The charge for ponies is two rupees each, and for palkis with

twelves coolies, eight rupees. The path climbs up the face of the Ghat, skirting precipices, winding in and out among broken cliffs and leafy groves, with charming views at every turn. There are a great number of excellent hotels, the "Rugby" being on the highest ground, and the "Grenville" the newest, with its windows open to the refreshing sea breeze that blows over

A TINSEL CUTTER, PUNA.

Matheran. There are all the accessories of a well-established hill station: church, library, news-room, lawn tennis, and gymkhana. All these nestle amid woods on a shallow tableland of about eight square miles, surrounded by a series of rocky promontories, which jut out into mid-air, their precipices falling 2,000 feet sheer into the valleys below. These promontories are called "points"—there are about sixteen of them, the most popular being

known as Panorama, Louisa, Porcupine, Hart, Chauk, and Garbat points. The evening view from Panorama Point is exceedingly beautiful. It hangs over the level plain which stretches away to Bombay, forty miles off, whose towers and shipping, with the ocean beyond, are all golden in the setting sun.

At Karjat, sixty-two miles from Bombay, the ascent of the Bhor Ghat commences. The line rises 1,831 feet in fifteen miles. At 1,350 feet above the sea, the train stops ten minutes at the remarkable reversing station, to enable the powerful engines to pass

TURBAN FITTERS, PUNA.

to the other end. The view from this station, in the very heart of the Ghat, is superb. This marvellous engineering achievement is full of interest every yard of the journey.

The cave at Kárli is undoubtedly the largest and most complete Buddhist chaitya in India. The building resembles, to a very great extent, an early Christian church in its arrangements, consisting of a nave and side-aisles, terminating in an apse or semi-dome. The interior is as solemn and grand as any interior can well be, and the mode of lighting the most perfect—one undivided volume of light coming through a single opening over-

head at a very favourable angle, and falling directly on the altar or principal object in the building, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity.

Puna is a handsome city of 130,000 population, the military capital of the Deccan, and the summer capital of the Bombay Presidency. The Peshwas were a dynasty of raiders and fighters rather than builders, and Maratha monuments are mostly impregnable fortresses and inaccessible castles, perched on the hills of the Deccan, rather than palaces or temples. Puna is famous all over India for beautiful brass-work of all sorts, especially idols. Figures in plastic clay, painted and dressed up in muslin and silk, illustrating all the types and castes of the Deccan, can be obtained for a few annas, and are really beautiful works of art. Throughout the leading bazaars are shops whose occupants are engaged in making lovely sham jewellery of some sort of perfumed composition; bracelets, necklaces, chains, and anklets of various seeds. These pretty trinkets are ridiculously cheap. Peacocks' feathers are made up with cuscus grass, green beetles' wings and spangles into fragrant, showy fans and mats; turban folders sit gravely among their wooden dummies.

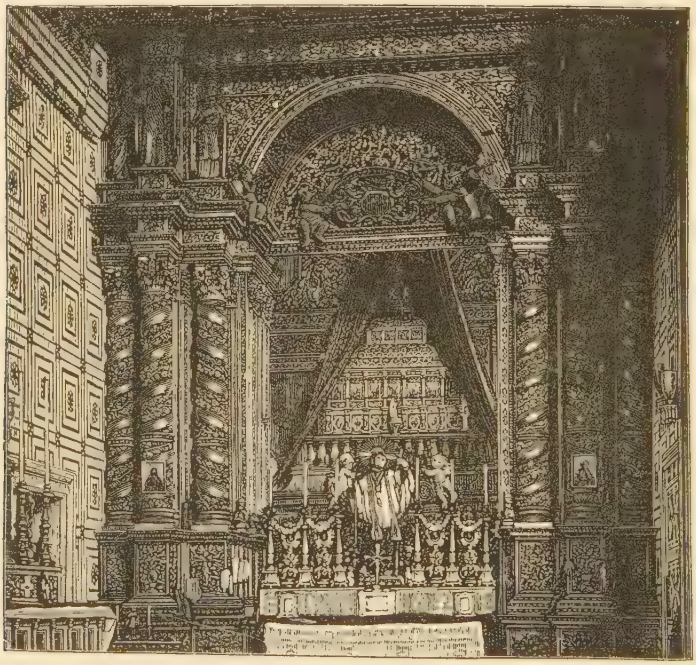
A WAI MARATHA.

The Free Church of Scotland has a flourishing mission in Puna, with 140 communicants and seven schools, with nearly 1,000 scholars; the Rev. John Small is the superintendent, who also conducts much religious work among the British troops in the cantonment. The Church Missionary Society has 100 communicants and two small schools.

Near Elphinstone Point is Mahableshwar, where are two or three very ancient and venerated Hindu temples erected over the

source of the sacred river Krishna. At the head of the tank is a stone cow, from whose mouth holy Krishna trickles, in a stream of pure clear water, to gladden the land for 800 miles before it reaches the Bay of Bengal. In the Mahableshwar seasons, it is possible to return to Bombay by Partabgarh and Warra to Dasgaon, whence a steamer plies across the bay to Bombay.

Goa is a Portuguese settlement, the oldest European colony in the East Indies. Its territory measures sixty-two miles long by forty miles at the widest part, with a total population of about



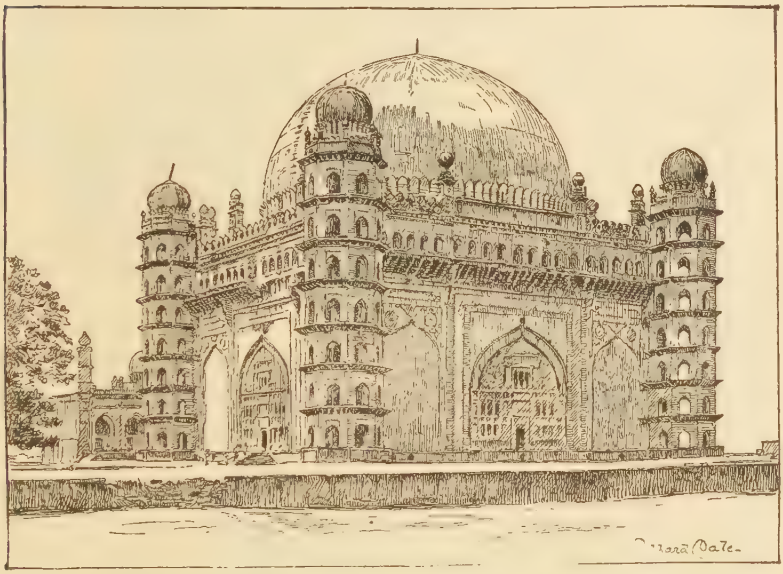
CHURCH OF ST. XAVIER, GOA.

450,000. It is a mountainous country with several peaks from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea. More than half the population are Roman Catholic, the rest Hindu. The trade of Goa is the melancholy ghost of its former prosperity, and is still dwindling.

The history of Goa as a Portuguese settlement dates from A.D. 1510, when Alfonso D'Albuquerque, with twenty ships and 1,200 soldiers, took possession of it from the Bijapur kings of the Deccan. After seventy or eighty years of constant fighting, conquest and reconquest, during which the celebrated Jesuit missionary, François Xavier, lived, died and was buried in the gorgeous church of Bom Jesus, Goa reached its summit of prosperity at

the end of the sixteenth century. When English enterprise was struggling into barely tolerated existence in India, "Golden Goa" presented a scene of military, ecclesiastical, and commercial magnificence which has never been rivalled since, and to which modern Calcutta has no parallel.

It had no staying power. In 1603 the Dutch began to assert themselves in the East and blockaded Goa. This was the beginning of a struggle lasting seventy years, during which time, one by one, nearly all the Portuguese possessions fell into the hands of Holland, and the power of Portugal was shattered and dismembered. For 200 years Goa has steadily deteriorated, with a



SULTAN MAHMUD'S TOMB, BIJAPUR.

few spasms of revival, until now it has become a pathetic wilderness of ruined churches and palaces, with not a twentieth part of the population which in its hey-day thronged its streets and quays.

Of the ancient Hindu city, not a trace remains. Old Goa is now a desolate expanse of ruins, in the midst of which, in decayed and melancholy splendour, some noble churches still remain, with a population surrounding them of less than 2,000.

The church of Bom Jesus was built as a shrine for the great Indian missionary, François Xavier, whose magnificent tomb of marble and jasper was the gift of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and enjoys a world-wide reputation. Events in the life of the saint are represented in about thirty tableaux round the shrine.

The gardens of the mansions of the Portuguese nobles are now cocoanut plantations, the ruins smothered in jungle, and the streets grass-grown. Old Goa lives in the past, but is still dear to every pious Indian Catholic, many of whom every year visit the sacred shrine of the great Eastern evangelist, whose memory lives, not in its pomp and splendour, but in the hearts of the million of Christians in India who bear witness to-day of his success as a missionary.

Bijapur is a magnificent and desolate ruin. It represents a style of its own, a specially beautiful variety of Indo-Saracenic architecture only to be found in the Deccan; it is of all its period the only superb example left comparatively intact and unruined. Bijapur in its glory covered as large an area as Paris; but little is left of the city itself, its palaces, gardens, mosques and tombs, outside the fort, being, with one or two exceptions, shapeless masses of jungly ruins.

The Jama Masjid was commenced by Ali Adil Shah, A.D. 1557, It is one of the noblest mosques in India. The pillared, arched, and dome-cloistered court-yard is 331 feet by 257 feet. But the great glory of Bijapur is the stupendous domed mausoleum of Sultan Mahmud. It is built upon a platform 600 feet square. The interior is a vast apartment 135 feet square, being the largest domed room in the world, more than 2,000 feet larger in area than the Pantheon at Rome. The dome is 124 feet in diameter. Internally the dome is 175 feet high, externally 198 feet. The dome of St. Paul's, London, is sixteen feet less, and that of St. Peter's at Rome twelve feet greater in diameter.

On the top of the Lion Bastion, built in 1688, is a famous old gun of bronze, called the Malik-i-Maidan, or lord of the plain. It is fourteen feet long, and the same diameter from breech to muzzle, five feet, the bore being 2ft. 4in. wide. It has not been fired off for sixty years, when it was charged with eighty pounds of powder by a Raja of Satara. It is probably as old as the bastion on which it is placed.

Kalbargah, in early times, was a Hindu city of great extent, dating from 1347.

The tombs of the Bahmani kings are about two or three furlongs outside the fort. The first king's tomb (Hasan Gangu) is a plain building about seventy feet square and 100 feet high. The great mosque is modelled after the famous mosque of Cordova in Spain, its chief peculiarity being, that, alone among the great mosques of India, its whole area of 38,000 feet is covered in, the light being admitted through the walls, which on three sides are pierced with arches. It is, undoubtedly, one of the most distinctive buildings in India.

THE "DARKEST ENGLAND" SOCIAL SCHEME.

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

General Booth, whom the cynics, and not a few of the religionists of this age have done their best to kill, beyond all question—unless the combined evils of worldliness and bigotry succeed in frustrating his efforts—will rank, in another generation, high among the best benefactors of the present day. I call him General Booth, and shall not adopt the silly method of calling him "General" Booth—which seems to be regarded as witty by the *Times* and other newspapers—because he is as clearly the General of the immense Salvation Army as ever any General was of soldiers or of a religious order. How has he been received? And what has he done?

He has been received with an almost unbroken chorus of insult and abuse. Clergymen who have never been heard of outside their own little parishes—who have never shown themselves worthy to tie his shoe, and of whom any thousand put together cannot show as the fruit of their labours one tithe of the souls whom he has rescued from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God—have written about him in terms of positive fury. To me there is something absolutely shocking in this fact. Here is a man whose officers alone are counted by thousands, and whose officers bear a character for such simplicity, sincerity, and self-denial that even their enemies bear witness to their merits. Here is a man whose followers so entirely believe in his goodness and singleheartedness that they are willing to devote themselves heart and soul to his cause on the merest pittances, and, without murmur or question, to go at his bidding to the snows of Nord Köping or the sultry swamps of Malabar. Here is a man,

therefore, who has been able to inspire into this host of working men and working women—redeemed, not a few of them, from the lowest depths of sin and misery—a gladness of self-sacrificing enthusiasm such as, if it existed in the Church of England, would render us irresistible. Here is a man who, to all his *religious work*—of which the results are incontestable, however much its methods may be disliked—has added *a social work* ample and fruitful enough to furnish out the glory of fifty ordinary reformers, and yet every fussy nobody, every commonplace and routine clergyman, thinks himself justified in speaking of him with scornful disapprobation, and looking down upon him from the whole height of his inferiority. The *Saturday Review* calls

A BIT OF A DORMITORY.

him "a Jack-pudding" (whatever that may mean), and his followers "knaves and ninnies." He himself says that the vocabulary of vituperation has been completely exhausted upon him, and that scorn and contumely can effect no more because they have already done their worst. "God has honoured him by making all bad men his enemies," and some who, without being bad, are prejudiced, conventional, and wholly ignorant of what he has achieved. Never by one syllable has he retaliated upon his enemies. He has in this respect followed literally the example of the Apostles. "Being reviled we bless; being persecuted we endure; being defamed we entreat."

But the bitterest ingredient in this cup of hatred is that, all the while, there is no break in his hard life of daily and overwhelming self-denial, his hard toil of urgent and ungrudging

service. Few people can have any conception of the weight of manifold anxieties, of heartrending disappointments, of deep perplexities, which daily fall upon the founder of the Salvation Army. St. Paul sums up his own burdens when he says, "Besides that which falls upon me daily, the care of all the Churches." That care must fall on the heads of all societies. On General Booth falls the direction of communities all over the world, which deal with men of many languages and many minds. If out of all his thousands of officers, or scores of settlements, one settlement is mismanaged, or one officer turns out to be a traitor or a scamp, it is on William Booth that the misery and the humiliation fall. It is a literal fact that desperate tides of multitudinous anguish are constantly

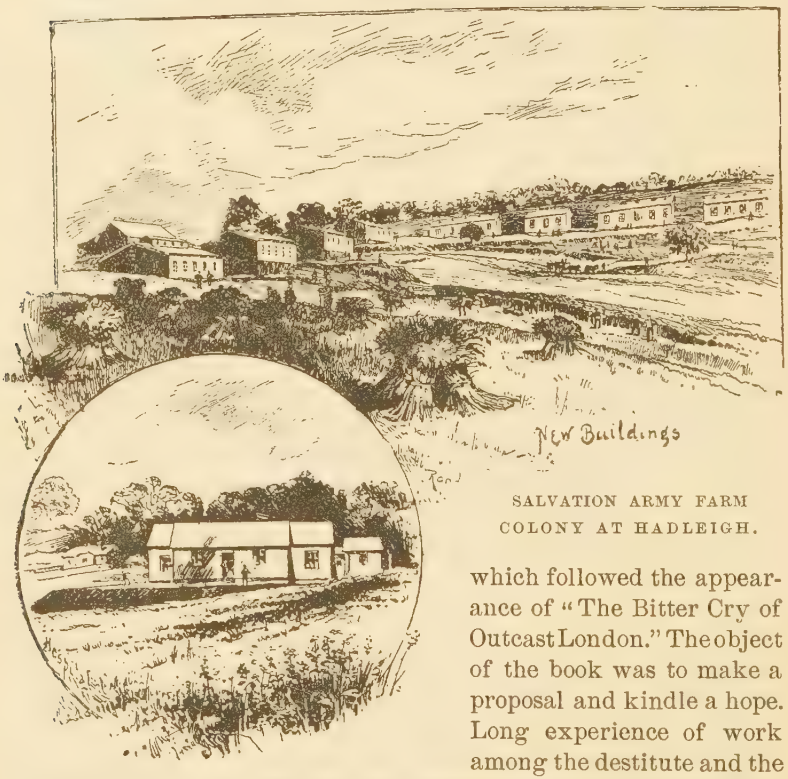
"Forced through the channel of his single heart."

Mrs. Booth said, and said with truth, that some were base enough to charge him with self-seeking and personal ends, but that for any man whose whole heart was not sincere before God it would be better to be in hell than to be General of the Salvation Army. It is a task which, without the help of God, and the approval of a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man, would be more than enough to unhinge the intellect and utterly to prostrate the physical strength.

This is the sort of *reward* which General Booth has received from the world and from the Church; and now what has he *done?* To begin with, this "unlearned and ignorant" man, the disowned minister of a small dissenting community, with abundant success before him in the narrow groove of religious conventionality, faced beggary with his noble wife and his young penniless children, rather than give up that work, to which he was called, of preaching Christ's invitation in the highways and hedges of the world. He listened to that call. He did not, as so many do, make "the great refusal." Without learning, without friends, without influence, he went forth into the world. His mission was to the neglected, to the wretched, to the destitute, to the residuum, to the submerged tenth. He went to the sheep without a shepherd, who were wandering untended on the hills of darkness; to wretches without a home and without a hope; to street arabs and gutter children, the waifs and strays of our horrible slums; to men and women, ruined by drink and crime, living in dens foul as the lairs of wild beasts, for whom there seemed to be no earthly prospect but the cell of the felon, the grave of the suicide, or the dreary misery of the workhouse. Of his religious mission I have not here to speak. But if I had, surely the plain, indis-

putable facts should make every heart rejoice that such multitudes all over the world should have been called by this humble agency from ruin and degradation to purity and usefulness.

But I have only to speak of his social scheme. Eighteen months ago he published the scheme described in "Darkest England," and asked for £100,000 to set it on foot, and £30,000 a year for five years at least to maintain and continue it. The publication of the book produced a sensation analogous to that



SALVATION ARMY FARM COLONY AT HADLEIGH.

which followed the appearance of "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London." The object of the book was to make a proposal and kindle a hope. Long experience of work among the destitute and the perishing had convinced the Salvationists that no effort would be widely effective which did not go to the root of the matter. They saw that it was necessary to grapple, as far as possible, with the ultimate *causes* of misery, and to elevate the fallen as well as relieve their present needs. The scheme consisted of three main parts—the City Colony, the Farm Colony, and the Colony beyond the Sea. Of these the first two are already in active work, and £25,000 has been reserved for the inauguration of the third, so soon as the preliminary difficulties have been settled, and the preliminary arrangements satisfactorily carried out.

The object of all three endeavours was to reach the poorest and the most vicious, to reform their evil habits, to inspire them with fresh courage, to rescue them from bad companionship, to accustom them to discipline, to uplift them into self-respect, and by setting them once more in the way of earning a livelihood, to change them from loafing idlers and useless burdens upon society into profitable members of the Church and commonwealth.

Two features are common to the whole scheme, both of them eminently wise:—Work and Sympathy. The poor sufferers who, often through their own vices and shiftless laziness, have sunk into the lowest depths of human disgrace, must, in part at least, work out their own regeneration. Without this the helping hand is useless. There is a resolute refusal to pauperize them. If they come to a shelter they will have lodging and food; but if they have not even a penny to pay for it, they must give their pennyworth of labour. They are thus saved the humiliation of feeling that they are dependent on charity alone. If they work willingly they are set to something more permanent. They may begin to pay their way by tasks of washing and scrubbing; they pass on to wood-chopping, brush-making, mat-weaving, and various easy branches of mechanical trade. If they are steady and show a resolute desire to amend, they may gradually be recommended for employment, and restored to respectability, and often to their own deserted and neglected families, as good citizens and bread-winners.

To the great good of society and the alleviation of our manifold burdens, this has been accomplished in hundreds of instances. It could not have been accomplished without human love and sympathy, and the bringing of the simplest religious truths to bear on the seared consciences and sodden hearts of men plunged into despair. The social scheme is in no sense a part of the Salvationist propaganda. No recipient of the benefits offered is in any way compelled to be present at any of the religious meetings in the shelters and refuges, in which Scripture is read, and prayer offered, and a few words of hearty appeal addressed to any who care—as the vast majority do—to be present at these daily gatherings. If the poor men and women choose to reject the teaching, they at any rate feel the tenderness, the sympathy, the self-sacrifice, with which the officers of the Army and the poor slum sisters—themselves living on small pittances—face the horrible conditions of personal contact with the dirty, the drunken, and the depraved, and show that they can still love and serve God's most outcast children, and refuse to regard even the most dehumanized soul as wholly common and unclean.

The whole of the £100,000 which was subscribed was, as it was announced that it would be, invested in the purchase or improvement of property for the launching of the scheme; and it is hoped that in course of time this property will become largely productive of income. Thus on the Farm Colony there is a bed

AT THE HANBURY STREET SHELTER.

of valuable clay, and there is good hope that this branch of the work will before long in great measure support itself.

The City Colony is practically in effective working order. There are in active operation the following institutions:—

Seventeen Shelters, with accommodation for 4,100 men and women. They are nearly always crowded.

Nine Depôts for the supply of food. These have supplied some

three and a half millions of meals to the very poorest of the people.

Four Labour Factories or Elevators for the unemployed, which have dealt with some 3,000 men.

A Labour Bureau, having eight branches in London and agencies in various parts of the provinces, which has registered during the period referred to some 26,000 applications from unemployed persons, and has found work for nearly 6,600 people.

A Home for Prisoners, containing fifty ex-criminals, of whom fourteen are boys, chiefly committed to the care of the Army by magistrates and judges.

Fourteen Rescue Homes for the reception of women, into which have passed during the eighteen months nearly 2,000 women, and in connection with which there is also a Bureau for the discovery of lost and missing persons, which was successful during the twelve months ending December last in tracing the whereabouts of nearly 600 missing persons, mostly women and girls, who had fallen into dangerous surroundings.

The machinery necessary for the collection of the household waste is being got into order, and large premises have been secured on the river for that work.

Other industries, such as book-binding, knitting, and a match-making factory, have also been undertaken for the benefit of the workless people who are willing to work. About sixty devoted women are residing and working in the darkest slums.

The Farm Colony is also progressing rapidly. Nearly 400 men are now employed upon it, under the superintendence of capable overseers, some of whom are gentlemen of experience who have devoted their services gratuitously to this interesting experiment. The farm consists of 1,200 acres at Hadleigh, on the estuary of the Thames, with a river frontage of a mile. The land is nearly all capable of high cultivation. A hundred acres have been brought under the spade for purposes of market gardening; forty acres of fruit trees have been planted; about 200 acres of the land are devoted to ordinary crops; and there are about fifty acres of roots, besides the valuable clay bed, which now employs fifty men, and may soon employ a much larger number. The farm buildings, cow-houses, dairy, piggeries, etc., are complete. A tramway has been laid down. Excellent dormitories have been built for 400 men, together with officers' houses, a meeting-house, and an iron shed for light industries. The necessary tools and implements for this large settlement have been purchased. The men work hard and hopefully. They are well fed and kindly cared for, and the many who know the farm by personal

inspection speak in warm and hopeful terms of its efficiency and usefulness.

The Over-sea Colony has still to be carried out; but things are well in train for the completion of this most interesting experiment. Unless there be a very disastrous shrinkage in the funds, we may hope before another year is over to see the whole scheme in effective working. But besides the £100,000 needed for its initiation, results have proved how careful was General Booth's estimate that £30,000 a year would at present be wanted to carry out this vast effort of well-planned and wisely-directed charity.

A CORNER OF THE WOMEN'S SHELTER.

Of this £30,000 he has this year only received £4,000. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* The most ignorant and malignant critic cannot but be aware that work like this *cannot* be carried out unless the funds are forthcoming, which alone can render availing the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice which the Salvation Army has evoked in its humble followers. I for one do not blush to own that, when I first read the scheme, I was filled with gratitude and hope. I was filled with *gratitude* to God that He had called forth a man who was capable of sketching out so large and systematic an effort, and that such a multitude of devoted men and women were willing and able to undertake the desperate task of grappling

shoulder to shoulder with problems which have hitherto been the shame of our Christianity and of our civilization. I was filled with *hope*, because it seemed that now at last something would be done of which the dreadful and urgent necessity had so long been acknowledged. My sense of gratitude is undiminished. There are myriads, I am sure, in England whose hearts feel for the anguish of the poor; whose pity is not checked by the knowledge that distress is often the retribution of vice and worthlessness; who feel that as Christ was sent to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, all who are His servants should feel the duty of furthering His kingdom among these the most miserable of His children. But how few are there of us who are able to render real help otherwise than indirectly! We may help by our poor gifts, but how little are we able to give any other efforts to reclaim the most fallen and uplift the most destitute! Can we, then, be otherwise than grateful that hundreds of good men and good women, under the hardest conditions, and on less wages than those of a servant, are willing to bring to bear on the physical and moral degradation of the lapsed masses the personal force of their devoted love?

And the *hope* which I felt is not entirely quenched. I know from all history the power of those jealous, slothful, malignant influences—the counteracting forces, religious, alas! (so-called) as well as irreligious—which make St. Paul speak of the devil as "the god of this world." I know the millionaire resources and menacing "vested interests" of a trade which tends so directly to the destruction and demoralization of a drunken people. I know that wherever there is an effort to do good Satan is more than ever active to counteract it by his drink shops, and gambling hells, and harlots' rendezvous. What can we expect but that he would resent every assault on his dominions, and that he would use the agency of religious narrowness and bigotry as one of his most effective weapons.

When I preached on this scheme, in Westminster Abbey, I said that it might fail, as so many good schemes had failed; and that it could not *but* fail if it was dashed to pieces on the sullen reefs of apathy and hatred. It is grievous to hear that, by his wholly disinterested and infinitely burdensome efforts, General Booth, having no funds on which he can draw for his social work, has been placed in circumstances of no small difficulty; and that, if funds are not forthcoming, it will be impossible for him to continue efforts for which he has no income. But surely it would be an overwhelming disgrace to such a nation as ours if the most concentrated and systematic effort which has ever been made to

cut out the spreading cancer under which our social system groans, should be allowed to fail for the lack of a few thousands of pounds a year. Not a week in the season passes in which sums are not realized at sales of china, pictures, and bric-à-brac, the aggregate of which would now support this effort at social amelioration for twenty years to come. We do not judge those who give thousands of pounds for ormolu, and Louis Quatorse cabinets, or unique bowls and single jewels. No one ventures to criticise or to censure the immense sums daily squandered on personal expenditure which it is hard to separate from the categories of mere luxury and ostentation. But if this Pactolus can roll its golden sands over "the glory of boudoirs and the pride of reception rooms," is there no one among these plethorically wealthy purchasers who will divert some runnel, or at the least some tiny driblet, to aid a scheme of which the one object is to make the wretchedest of our fellow-countrymen a little less wretched, and to bring into the lives of despairing women, and children who might seem to have been rather "damned" than "born" into the world, a gleam of mercy and of hope?—*The Review of the Churches.*

MORE.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

STARS are shining in the distance,
Stars whose light we never see,
Though we scan the solemn heaven,
Strive to pierce its mystery;
But they say the beams are speeding
Down the ages and the skies,
And their light shall some day greet us,
Falling on our lifted eyes.

There is music, louder, grander,
Than is heard by mortal ear;
There are sounds among the flowers,
Lower than we ever hear;
Fragrant bells are softly ringing,
Swells the far-off harmony;
And I think, with quicken'd senses,
We shall hear them by and by.

And I think that there are mercies
Greater than have yet been shown,
And I know that there are blessings
More than we have ever known;
Peace that passeth understanding,
Present peace to supersede,
Love above our highest longing,
Grace beyond our deepest need.

Think you that the tender Father,
Listening when His children call,
Stretches empty hands above us,
Saying, "I have given *all?*"
No! New gifts He is preparing,
Needed, fitting, love-complete,
For His Father-heart is changeless,
And His power is infinite.

VICTORIA, B.C.

A RARE YOUNG MAN.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.*

PRECEPT freezes, while example warms. Precept addresses us, example lays hold on us. Precept is a marble statue, example glows with life, a thing of flesh and blood. There is one kind of exchange, at least, between nations which hostile tariffs can hardly check or interrupt, the exchange of high personal examples. America has long ago exhibited it to England, let England sometimes exhibit it to America.

There has just been published in London the "Life of Mr. Sidney Gilchrist Thomas." Dying young, dying, that is to say, before he had attained the age which Dante makes the half-way house of life, he had attained to fame in special circles; in the circle of the metallurgists, and of the manufacturers of steel; and his name had come to designate a process which every year economizes many millions. But he was unknown to general fame, and most of my readers who now hear of the "Life of Sidney Gilchrist Thomas," will not heretofore have known that Sidney Gilchrist Thomas ever lived. His important discovery in applied science was, no doubt, fit to be commemorated; and it was sure enough of commemoration through the wealth which it created, and the unending train of seekers which wealth will always draw. There is no need of commending such efforts and such victories to imitation.

But the nobler, the more precious products of this mind and life are as flowers that love the shade. The expansion and completion by Thomas of the famous Bessemer process will help to make men wealthy and strong. But the exhibition of a thoroughly pure and noble character will do more than this; it will help to make them good and happy.

Sidney Gilchrist Thomas was born in the year 1850. The place of his birth was Canonbury, a district of Northern London; but he does not belong to the list, I fear the too brief list, of Londoners by extraction who claim a place on the roll of fame. His father was a Welshman, his mother a Highlander; so that we must reckon him as adding to the honours of the Celtic race. And he seems to have possessed in an eminent degree that delicacy of touch, in matters of feeling, which is among their characteristic marks.

In his earliest years the force of his brain appeared to be a standing menace to his health. At six or seven he was an inveterate reader, and enacted the characters about whom he read

* *Memoirs and Letters of Sidney Gilchrist Thomas, Inventor.* By R. W. BURNIE. London: Murray, 1891. We reprint from the *Youth's Companion*, of August 11th, this article—a remarkable production for a veteran statesman in his 83rd year, engaged in one of the most exciting election contests ever held.—ED.

In a suit of so-called armour made for him he kept vigil, and watched for hours together, his sword by his side. But a generosity without limit was embedded from the first in the vivid acts of his imagination. He says to his mother, not then in strong health, "I will do something great, mamma; and you shall have a carriage to ride in, and money to help people with." He seems to have been eminently happy in his parents, who anticipated for him the vocation of a clergyman. Annual visits to the vicarages of relatives were congenial to him; and when thirteen years old he read the services of

SIDNEY GILCHRIST THOMAS.

the Anglican Church in English and in Welsh before the congregation. A dean came to luncheon and examined him in Latin, and was so delighted with his proficiency that he gave him three half-sovereigns. The same day the boy went with him as guide over the Great Orme's Head. After returning he found that the half-sovereigns had slipped out of the pocket of his jacket. His host, the vicar, was benevolently vexed, but the boy only said, "Never mind, godfather, most likely some one has it who wants it more than I."

He adopted at an early age extreme popular opinions in politics. Nor did he ever deviate from this creed of his youth, which he

associated with a broad philanthropy. In 1882, when the sands of his short life were already running out, he read Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty" with enthusiasm.

He seems to have been marked from the first in a peculiar degree by the universality as well as the insight, and by the simplicity, or single-mindedness, of genius. We have heard already of his politics, of his religious interests, of his Latin. He was also a cultivator of natural history, apparently by attraction from a brother intensely devoted to it. But his paramount predilection from the age of ten years onwards was for strong mechanics and engineering; and a very little later for the fairy-land of chemistry. But he knew with accuracy the pictures of the Dulwich Gallery (he was at school there), and their history one by one; and in music also he took intense delight. But he never escaped from the presence of the dominating moral power. Gaining the chief prize at Dulwich, and afterwards examining the matter, he came to the conclusion that his rivals' compositions were better than his own. Hereupon he repaired to the master, with a prayer that the judgment might be reversed; and was thoroughly dissatisfied upon failure to attain his aim.

Owing perhaps to the close connection between chemistry and the healing art, he had determined on embracing the great and advancing profession of medicine. But in February, 1867, when he was not yet seventeen, the means of the family were sharply contracted by the sudden death of his father. The boy took his resolution with his usual force of will, and total abnegation of self and of cherished prospects. He obtained in a short time, I presume by competitive examination, an humble clerkship in the Civil Service, and filled up his time till it was available with classical teaching in a school at Braintree. He hated the usher's work, but all along it was characteristic of him to engage in drudgery with the same absolute self-devotion as that which he gave to the studies and speculations that he loved.

But he had plighted his troth to another drudgery; and he became junior clerk in a Metropolitan Police Court at £90 a year, with a small annual increment. The office day was from ten to five. He disliked the work cordially, as he had disliked the ushership. But "what his hands found to do," he must needs "do it with his might!"

So the lot having fallen to him in Marlborough Street, the easiest of the courts, he exchanged it for a harder one in Arbour Square at the East End. It was only at a much later date that, by an arrangement with a colleague, he was enabled to secure two days in the week for the prosecution of his independent researches.

When, at nineteen, he was spending his holiday in a walking tour up the valley of the Seine, he showed a great capacity of physical exertion; and the companion of his trip, a cousin, has left an interesting account of his character as it was brought out in the rather searching experience which companionship in travelling supplies. It was a frugal but a happy time.

There was also, so thinks the cousin, in this most remarkable youth "a half-conscious leaning to asceticism," which led to implanting the seeds of premature decay in his naturally vigorous frame through systematic under-eating.

And we may indeed lament the operation of any cause which, as seems too probable, helped to curtail a life of extraordinary value. But what a noble and helpful picture does he present to us of the re-establishment of sound relations in our dislocated nature by the perfect mastery of mind over body.

They started, says the narrator, on their month's trip with ten pounds apiece, out of which he brought back sixteen francs, "but Sidney double or treble the amount. No man more generous to others ever lived. He only pinched himself."

We have now before us the youth of eighteen, at home acting as the backbone and pillar of the household, with long daily distances to traverse, chiefly on foot, to the police court; tied for the six days to seven hours of daily office work, and inwardly possessed with lofty aspirations and incessant imaginings of researches and results, of absorbing researches, and victorious results, in a separate, nay, alien field; the long vista of his thoughts always terminating in the possession of wealth which was to be spent upon his needy fellow-men.

The natural and in ordinary cases the true supposition would be that the powerful spirit gave to the official duties, unattractive as they were, just such a quota of its energies as sufficed for their careless or, at most, decent performance.

But it was not so. On that subject we have the testimony of Lushington, the magistrate under whom he served. His enthusiasm of humanity overflowed into the police court. "From the beginning of a long day to the end and from one long day to another" he worked through the details "with the thorough-going industry of a conscientious and passionate lover of strict justice." His special vocation, however, was chiefly shown in a somewhat quick appreciation of points raised from time to time in the evidence of medical or scientific experts.

The refinement of his composition, as well as the depth and warmth of his affections, comes before us most of all in his correspondence with two members of his family. His sister Lilian was born when he was eight years old, and when she had been for a week in this world he was allowed to take her in his arms, and would hold her in a silent gaze for half an hour at a time.

At every stage of his life this mood was more and more developed. The sister was only second to the mother in his heart, and he seems almost to have found food for body as well as soul in contemplative love.

But it is time to turn to some particulars of that other life which, through all these years, was running on parallel lines with those of his domestic and his official experience.

Between thirty and thirty-five years ago Bessemer taught the world a new method of manufacturing steel by "blowing" pig-iron in a receptacle termed a converter. He thus improved the

quality of the article, and reduced the price by nine-tenths, while he secured to himself a most just tribute which amounted to £100,000 a year.

This great discovery was deficient at a single point. By far the larger portion of iron ores is charged with phosphorus. This phosphorus Bessemer did not expel, and without its expulsion steel could not be made. The new process was available for hematite ores only, which in consequence of the invention doubled in value.

From 1860 onwards metallurgists were busied with the problem of dephosphorization. Bessemer himself and many others found it beyond their power to solve. Sir Lowthian Bell, who writes with the highest authority, pointed out that the annual get of Cleveland stone alone contained an amount of phosphorus which if released would be worth £250,000, but which as an ingredient diminished the annual value by four millions.

To the solution of this problem Gilchrist Thomas applied the intensity and persistency of his character, and the acute insight of his genius. At seventeen, in the year 1868, he had begun to experiment at home, soon after the commencement of his novitiate in the police court.

To accredit and to instruct himself, he passed from time to time the examinations of the Science and Art Department, but he could not obtain the diploma, because his work at the police court disabled him from attendance at the lectures. He employed his holidays in places appropriate for improvement, and found time to send scores of contributions to the metallurgic periodical termed *Iron*.

In 1873 there was offered to him the post of analytical chemist to a great Burton brewery, with a salary of £150 a year. The offer was full of attractions for him. But in the matter of alcohol he had become a determined advocate of prohibition, and consequently he continued to do penance in the police court, keenly as he longed for change.

We learn that before the close of 1875 he had arrived at a "provisional and theoretic" solution of the great problem of his life.

The converting vessel used by Bessemer had a lining which was "acid in chemical essence." With this material the acid, formed from the phosphorus during the process, had no affinity, and would not combine. He conceived that his end would be reached if he could substitute for the lining in actual use in the converter a new one of the character technically termed *basic*—a base signifying a substance for which an acid has affinity.

So the principle was mastered. How to find a material of adequate durability, and of a resisting power such as to endure the enormous heat of the Bessemer process, was an arduous task; and he had no means sufficient to provide the instruments and vehicles necessary for trying his experiments in such a manner as to do them justice.

He tried a converter in his fire-grate, but tried it in vain. He made known his ideas to a cousin employed as a chemist in South

Wales. They were in the first instance treated as chimerical. But he wrote persuasive explanations—from the Thames Police Court! And his perseverance brought about various initial efforts, though with much delay; while the process was one which almost necessarily had many stages to pass through on its road to practical perfection. He formed, however, a kind of partnership with his Welsh cousin, which was of material assistance.

He formed an acquaintance with the manager of the great Bolckow Works in Cleveland, who, as a thorough expert, on coming into personal intercourse with him recognized his capacity, learned the value of his invention, and supplied the means needed for the construction of adequate experimental converters.

Now came the serious labour of fortifying, by patents taken out all over the world, the ground which had been obtained; while competing claims were disposed of by adjustments. His tastes, guided by high moral instincts, were as perfect as his genius was strong and indefatigable. So throve the brain work of the under-clerk in the Thames Police Court. Now and now only he resigned the humble office, amidst the regrets and the admiration of all who were connected with him.

What he did for others may be guessed, when we learn that in 1890 there already were two million six hundred thousand tons of basic steel produced by his process, while the liberated phosphorus became available for fertilizing purposes through six hundred thousand tons of slag. As regards himself we are only given to understand that for the residue of his life his wants, always continuing modest, were abundantly supplied.

But the years of fame and prosperity were also years of physical decline, which gradually revealed to him, and to the mother and sister who in affection had but one soul with him, the sentence of inexorable Death. He entered, at first with cheerful expectations, into the long, sad train of those who traverse the world in search of the genial influences of climate for restoration to health.

As he touched twenty-nine his scientific triumph was achieved. On the first of February, 1885, when he was but thirty-four, the thread of his life was cut. In the interval, besides a sojourn in Germany and a visit to America, he had travelled to South Africa, to India, to Ceylon and Australia, and finally to Algiers. He had appeared at times to have received decisive or considerable benefit, and the search for a cure by climate was eminently adapted to his case, for the view of all those diversified regions afforded ample and agreeable excitements for the unrelenting activity of his mind.

Among other things we again find money presenting itself to view, but always ennobled with philanthropy. "I must make more money still. I have really given so much away that we shall be hampered in our plans for colonization, workers' dwellings, and what not, if I don't!"

Every scene of his life is interesting, because charged with teaching power. Among them I select a scene at Algiers, in 1884, one of the last before the final prostration. He had erected in

his courtyard a miniature apparatus, with a view to the prosecution of that part of his process which concerned the slag. His sister is the writer:

"We must have made a strange scene in that Arab courtyard. . . . In the midst of the courtyard, with the *loggia* as background, stood a palm, with pansies at its feet, and a great Roman vessel of earthenware, dug up in the vicinity, beside it. To one side was the little Bessemer converter.

"Sidney would sit in a delightfully sheltered invalid chair (lent by kind friends), and thence direct operations; now and then dashing down the books and papers of which his chair was always full and sallying forth to lend a hand to Mr. Twynam at the pot, to be forthwith driven back. Meanwhile 'our Arab,' with crossed arms, red fez, bare legs and white garments, gravely worked the bellows with his foot."

He used to sketch plans for the future, and in course of time it was noticed that he left himself out of the account. The disposal of his money was a subject of solicitude. After a moderate provision for his mother and sister, it was to be applied to bettering the hard lives of toilers. "Over and over again he impressed upon his sister the sacred trust he bequeathed to her." He moved to Paris in the summer of 1884, and when the end came, half a year later, it was peaceful.

Every life teaches us lessons. But the lessons of this life are crowded, like arrows in a quiver; and like arrows, too, they ought to pierce the breast. In order to cover all the salient points of such a character, it is needful to fall back upon the comprehensive enumeration of the Apostle. He teaches us to think on and to follow "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise."

The list of his virtues would be long, and seemingly exhaustive, for it would be hard, judging from this work, to name the virtues that he did not possess, the lesson that he does not silently convey. Perhaps the most penetrating of all these lessons is what we may term the lesson of purpose. One thread of purpose follows his yearly, daily, hourly walk from the beginning to the end.

The finest architectural fabric cannot exhibit a unity more complete than this, as some might say, half-finished life. One word remains to be said. We have seen how devoutly Christian was his youth. In 1874 he cautions his correspondent "Bess" against "the *Leben Jesu* sort of literature," which she cannot examine conclusively, and which to her will be "only mischievous in their results." He recommends the reading of Farrar's "Life of Christ," the preface to which he likes, and says, "What is wanted now is an answer to 'Supernatural Religion,' by a man at once able, erudite, and wide-viewed, answering it on its own ground and not on quite another platform."

He remained to the last strong in his belief of immortality, and

in the closing days he said to his mother, "You I shall see soon, dear mother; but you, Lily, not for some fifty years yet."

But it is indirectly intimated that he had become "distrustful of old faiths," meaning, probably, that he had no longer a distinct explicit hold upon the Christian creed. If so, his loss was great; but there is nothing in such a circumstance to disturb the faith of the believer. First, because when the likeness of Christ has been wrought out in a man, the beholder has only to revere and to be thankful, without too curiously canvassing the means; secondly, because while we are bound as reasonable beings acting upon reasonable evidence to seek salvation through union with the Person of Christ, the Almighty has not bound Himself never to employ any other means; nor is it possible for any of us to define or limit the manner within which the Christian tradition, itself the undoubted product of the Christian creed, that fills and charges all our atmosphere, may in special cases be empowered to perform the work for which that creed has been sent forth into the world.

Let us rest content and more than content upon the noble words of Jeremy Taylor, which Mrs. Thomas has supplied to be the coping-stone of her son's biography: "It is a vast work any man may do, if he never be idle; and it is a huge way a man may go in virtue, if he never goes out of his way by a vicious habit or a great crime. Strive not to forget your time, and suffer none of it to pass undiscerned. So God dresses us for heaven."

BOOKS.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

"If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in the participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!"—*Bacon's Instauratio Scientiarum.*

As richly freighted ships sail o'er the seas,
Bearing the products of remotest lands,
And link by strongest ties most distant strands—
Wafted before the brisk and favouring breeze;
So sail wise books across the deeps of Time,
Freighted with precious pearls of human thought—
Such precious treasure riches never bought—
The garnered wealth of ancient lore sublime.
Many, alas, have sunk beneath the deep,
Dark waters of oblivion, but some
Their treasures on the Present's strand do heap:
Across the boisterous centuries they come
Upon the swell and dash of troubled ages,
And bless the world with wisdom from their pages.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF MODERN MISSIONS.

BY REV. J. S. ROSS, M.A.

THE PACIFIC ISLANDS.

"The immense Pacific smiles
Round a thousand little isles,
Haunts of violence and wiles.
But the powers of darkness yield,
For the Cross is in the field,
And the Light of Life revealed."

There are about twelve thousand of these islands, and by many they were long supposed to be the homes of happy savage innocence. Stern facts, however, in missionary life have dispelled the illusion. Dr. Geddie, of the New Hebrides mission, says, "the spectacle of a father and mother with their children, as one happy social band, is what I have never yet beheld here." Of the three hundred islands inhabited by the Papuan race, not one has been found where cannibalism did not exist. Female virtue was so unknown in the Hawaiian Islands that the inhabitants had no word in their language to express it.

Divisions.

The islands of the Pacific are separated into four main divisions. Take 180° longitude. The islands east of that are called Polynesia. The islands west of 180° longitude are separated into two divisions. Those south of the equator are called Melanesia, and those north of the equator Micronesia. The Hawaiian (or Sandwich) Islands make the fourth division; they are situated north of Polynesia, and about half way between Australia and Vancouver. These are not mere geographical divisions, but the names given indicate differences also in race, colour and language.

Polynesia.

Polynesia consists of the following principal groups: the Society, Austral, Hervey (or Cook's), Taumota, Marquesas, Samoan, and the Tonga (or Friendly) Islands.

The publication of the narrative of Captain Cook's voyages caused the early selection of these islands as missionary ground. It is an interesting fact that the reading of this same book first stirred the soul of Carey, and led him to decide upon this field, but God willed India instead. The good ship *Duff,* sent out by the London Missionary Society, set sail in 1796, bearing thirty missionaries—the first purely missionary expedition Protestantism had sent forth to conquer heathenism. Curious, in the light of the present day, is the fact that these pioneer missionaries were advised, among other things, to procure four pipes of the best wine at Rio, to be put into hogsheads, and paid for by draft on the London Missionary Society!

After a tedious six months' voyage they reached Tahiti, one of the Society Islands, having a population of about sixteen thousand. The *Duff* returned to England, and sailed again with a band as large as before, but was captured by a French privateer. A third expedition sailed in 1800, but discouraging news came from the South Seas. Instead of conquering heathenism, it seemed Christianity was likely to be conquered by heathenism. In twelve years the mission seemed decidedly to have failed, though on the other side it is to be said the missionaries had only received supplies and heard tidings from home twice. A change came over the Christian public of England. Missions were scouted and laughed at. A proposition was made to abandon the mission. This was stoutly opposed by Messrs. Haweis and Wilkes. It was concluded to send letters of encouragement to the missionaries instead. The very ship bearing these letters was crossed in mid-ocean by another conveying the glad tidings that idols had been rejected by the people, and not only the account of the rejection, but bearing the idols themselves! "Before they call I will answer." Thus broke the dawn after a sixteen years' night of toil.

Of Tahiti, Captain Cook said, "This island can neither serve public interests or private ambition, and will probably never be much known." He little dreamed that its name would go round the world. It was in reference to Tahiti that Darwin said, "The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand."

The establishment of Christianity in the islands was precipitated by an attack of idolaters, in 1815, upon the king, afterwards known as Pomare II. They were defeated in what was intended, and proved to be, the crisis battle between the two systems. Christianity was thus established, human sacrifices abolished, concubinage prohibited, the Sabbath observed as a day of rest and worship, a printing press set up, and a missionary society organized. The king became the first president, and its first year's contribution amounted to $2,500. From this society one hundred and sixty missionaries have gone forth to neighbouring islands. The king also gave a code of laws and a constitution in 1819. He died in 1821. In consequence of the intrigues of Roman Catholic missionaries, Tahiti was taken possession of by the French in 1843.

The Tongan Islands were visited by the Wesleyans in 1822. The king was converted, and baptized under the name of King George. The people, intellectually, are far in advance of most of the Polynesian race. Christianity spread to the Austral group in 1816; to the Hervey Islands in 1821; to Raratonga, one of the Hervey group, in 1823; and to the Samoan Islands in 1830. This latter group has a Christian population of thirty thousand souls, and in 1890 sent a thank-offering to the parent Missionary Society in London of $9,000.

Melanesia.

Melanesia consists of New Guinea, New Ireland, Salomon, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Fiji, and the Ellice Islands, with many

other small groups. It is called Melanesia because the inhabitants have more of the negro characteristics than the typical Malay races to the north of the equator, in Micronesia.

The Story of John Williams and Erromanga.

The principal agent in spreading the gospel in all these islands, irrespective of geographical lines, was John Williams, "the apostle of Polynesia," the narrative of whose life and death is very thrilling. He discovered Raratonga Island, which had eluded the search of Captain Cook. The record of his successes produced a profound interest in England. In 1839 he landed at Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides group, noted for its enormous wealth in sandal wood. With his helper, Harris, he was suddenly attacked and murdered by the natives Rev. G. N. Gordon and his wife, from Nova Scotia, landed on this same island in 1857, and after labouring four years were both likewise murdered by the natives. Nothing daunted, Gordon's brother stepped into the breach in 1864. After eight years the natives murdered him also in similar circumstances. Then followed Rev. H. A. Robertson of the Presbyterian Church in Canada; he now has over two hundred communicants, one thousand church adherents, ten churches, and thirty-three schools. In forty years Nova Scotia has sent ten missionaries to the South Seas.

In 1889, on the fiftieth anniversary of John Williams' martyrdom, a monument was erected at Erromanga to his memory. A descendant of the same man who dealt Williams his death-blow laid the corner stone, and the youngest son of the murderer is now preaching the gospel in Australia.

New Hebrides.

Aneityum is the most southern island of the New Hebrides. The Rev. John Geddie, from Nova Scotia, arrived in 1848. The story of his success is told on a tablet in the little church on that island, and reads:

WHEN HE LANDED
IN 1848
THERE WERE NO CHRISTIANS HERE
AND WHEN HE LEFT
IN 1872
THERE WERE NO HEATHEN.

New Guinea.

Don George, a Portuguese navigator, discovered by accident New Guinea, which (omitting Australia) proved to be the largest island in the world. It is only 90 miles north from Australia, and has a population of 150,000. When the mission was begun in 1871, the natives did not know what money was, but when Dr. McFarlane left for London in 1887, they gave him a collection of £64 10s. A copy of the New Testament, in the Motu language of New Guinea, was recently presented to the Queen. A converted Chinaman on the Pacific Coast, hearing that many of his

own countrymen were residing in New Guinea, sold himself to work there as a coolie slave in order to teach them salvation, and was the means of leading 200 of them to Christ before he died.

Fiji.

The Fiji Islands, though not far from Tonga, are considered as belonging to Melanesia because the inhabitants are of the Papuan race. They were once ferocious cannibals, and language fails to describe the atrocities committed by these people. The Wesleyans originated the mission here, and through the patronage of King George of Tonga, secured a favourable reception. It was probably owing to his influence that their lives were often spared during the frightful scenes they were compelled to witness. They have now ten missionaries (never having exceeded thirteen at any one time). The churches are well manned by these, and seventy-two native ordained ministers, with hundreds of local preachers, who preach in 909 churches and 414 other places of worship to 27,097 church members and to 103,775 adherents out of a population of 125,441. A missionary among 10,000 Fijians said, "I do not know of a single house in which there is not family worship." These islands were ceded to Great Britain in 1874, and are now ruled by a British governor. No English soldiers are needed to preserve loyalty.

The thrilling story of the conquests of Christianity in Fiji ranks with that of Madagascar or Japan.

New Zealand.

The Church of England commenced the first mission here in 1814, followed by the Wesleyans in 1822. A recent census shows that ninety-five per cent. of the population is Christian. The name of Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, deserves special mention for his self-denying and successful labours among the Melanesian Islands. The Rev. Sydney Smith, in his bantering way, wrote to one of his correspondents thus: "The advice I sent to Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, when receiving the cannibal chiefs, was to say, 'I deeply regret, sirs, to have nothing on my own table suited to your tastes, but you will find plenty of cold curate, and roasted clergyman on the side-board.' And if in spite of this prudent provision, his visitors ate him likewise, I could only add, 'I sincerely hoped he would disagree with them.'"

Micronesia.

Micronesia consists of the Gilbert, Marshall, Caroline, Ladrones, Bonin, and many smaller groups of islands. They have been colonized by Spaniards, and the native races are nearly extinct.

Missions to these islands commenced in 1852 by American missionaries accompanied by two Hawaiian helpers. Twelve years afterwards they were carrying on missionary operations themselves to the surrounding islands. Out of a population of 84,000, 50,000 have heard the gospel. There are 8,000 converts, and twice as many adherents. In 1880 a mission was begun in the Island of Ruk, "the terror of the Pacific," where there are now eight

or nine churches. The missionary vessel *Morning Star,* thrice rebuilt by the Sunday-school children of America, was an invaluable aid to missionary work in these islands.

Hawaiian (or Sandwich) Islands.

These consist of eight islands, the largest of which is Hawaii. They are the most northerly of the Pacific groups. Here Captain Cook was murdered in 1779. The capital is Honolulu.

At the college gate in New Haven, Conn., one morning in the year 1809, a youth of colour was found weeping because there was no one to instruct him. His name was Obookiah, a native of Hawaii. He was distressed both for himself and his countrymen, but was soon taken in hand by Christian people, and ten years afterwards was sent out by the American Board with seven Americans to open a mission on these islands. To their surprise they found that idolatry had been abandoned, temples burned, human sacrifices abolished, and the nation waiting for a religion. Great revivals followed, the horrible *tabu* system was exterminated, and by 1870 the missionaries made their last report to the parent society, these islands having ceased to be missionary ground.

In 1852 these islanders commenced missionary operations themselves, and have already sent missionaries south and west to the Marquesas, Gilbert, Marshall, and Caroline groups of islands.

SUMMARY OF MISSION WORK IN THE PACIFIC ISLANDS.

(Compiled principally from "Encyclopædia of Missions," Funk & Wagnalls, 1891.)

COUNTRY.	Population.	No. of Societies.	Stations.	Ordained Missionaries	Native Ordained Ministers.	Churches.	Sabbath School Scholars.	Common Schools.	Communicants.	Native Contributions for all purposes.
Polynesia.*	.....	3	44	24	366	1,049	57,320	483	44,430	$17,495
Melanesia	.....	2	13	10	5	3	.....	100	344	65
Micronesia	.....	3	97	10	40	81	.....	....	7,729	3,571
Hawaiian Isl'ds.	.....	2	58	2	36	62	2,769	....	5,049	20,132
Totals of above..	1,550,640	10	212	46	447	1,195	60,089	583	57,552	41,263
Australia and New Zealand..	3,628,211	6	90	171	.....	680	39,743	127	19,016	3,285
Malaysia	.....	8	198	77	3	96	1,346	170	32,767	6,109
Totals	.....	24	500	294	450	1,971	101,178	880	109,335	$50,657

* These figures for Polynesia include the Wesleyan numbers for Fiji, which mission for the reason given on page 360 is usually considered as belonging to Melanesia.

AFRICA.

"There is a morning star, my soul,
There is a morning star.
'Twill soon be near and bright, my soul,
Though now it seems so dim and far.
And when time's stars have come and gone,
And every mist of earth has flown,
That better star shall rise
On this world's clouded skies
To shine forever!"

Population and "Spheres of Influence."

The population of Africa has been estimated variously from one hundred and sixty-two to three hundred millions of souls. Stanley's estimate is two hundred and fifty millions.

The work of partitioning Africa among the various European nations, has been industriously pursued for several years past, with the result that only about 2,500,000 square miles remain unappropriated, France leading the list. The "spheres of influence" (as they are technically called) extend over the following areas: France, 2,300,248 square miles; Great Britain, 1,909,445; Congo Free State, 1,508,000; Germany, 1,035,720, with many smaller divisions held by other countries.

Races and Climate.

It is a mistake to suppose that the people of Africa are all negroes. They are only one race out of six. The African races are as follows: 1. *Berber*—colour, black to dark bronze or copper; home, North Africa. 2. *Coptic*—colour, brownish yellow; home, Northern Egypt. 3. *Nilotic*—colour, between black and brown; home, Nubia, Abyssinia, and that part of East Africa south of Abyssinia. 4. *Negro*—colour, black, general physical characteristics well known; home, the Soudan. 5. *Bantu*—colour, warm chocolate, a fine, tall, handsome race. One sub-division of this race (the Kaffirs proper), will never be made slaves. Home, southern half of Africa. 6. *Goriepine*—colour, dull yellow tint; small size, slightly resembling Malays; the Hottentots and Bushmen of South Africa. The great majority of the African tribes are devil-worshippers.

Africa has been called the "martyr land," and also the "white man's grave," from the astounding mortality of the missionaries sent out. In forty years, of eighty-seven men sent by the Church Missionary Society, thirty died in the first twelve years. The Wesleyan Missionary Society up to 1864 had in their burial ground on the west coast of Africa, graves of more than forty missionaries and their wives. The Moravians sent nine missionaries to Guinea, and in two years they were all dead, and the mission had to be abandoned. Fifty-five missionaries, nearly all of whom laboured on the lower Congo, died within ten years. Professor Drummond, a few years ago visited the Livingstonia mission on Lake Nyassa. He found houses, but they were all empty. One by one the missionaries had sickened and died of fever. Four or five mounds

under the shadow of a huge granite mountain told the sad tale of Africa's deadly climate. This continent cannot be evangelized by Europeans alone.

With the exception of the Soudan where, it is said, from sixty to eighty millions of people reside, and where no missionary has yet penetrated, though an attempt is being made at the present time, Africa is no longer "the dark continent." In our school-boy days, the centre of Africa was marked over with pictures of lions and camelopards to show that these only inhabited this region, or that it was entirely unknown. How surprising to find by the journeys of explorers (not the least of whom were missionaries) that the country is densely populated by millions of people. In consequence missionary societies are eagerly seizing the magnificent opportunities presented.

West Africa.

Sierra Leone was founded by the British, and Liberia by the Americans, each for the purpose of putting down the slave-trade —for rescuing, liberating and educating those who had been slaves. The Wesleyan Methodists of Sierra Leone have just celebrated their centenary anniversary. During the War of Independence, 1,131 slaves fled to Nova Scotia. They succeeded in 1792 in gaining a home in Sierra Leone, 223 of them uniting with the Wesleyan Church. This mission, at its centennial, reports forty churches, and thirty-eight other preaching places, sixteen native missionaries, 6,387 communicants and 20,676 adherents, with an annual income of $21,757.

The Church Missionary Society opened a mission in Sierra Leone in 1804. At the beginning the work was very discouraging—the first signal success being under a Lutheran schoolmaster named Johnston. The Yorubu and Niger missions were opened by Bishop Crowther, who had been carried off as a slave-boy, rescued by the British, educated at Sierra Leone, and was subsequently ordained Bishop of the Niger. Years afterwards he had the satisfaction of finding his mother in the interior, from which part he had been carried off as a slave. He died a few months ago, "full of years and honours." The old Calabar mission originated with the Presbytery of Jamaica; the Cameroons with the Baptists; the Gold Coast and Gambia missions with the Wesleyans; and the mission to Liberia with the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States.

South Africa.

The first mission to the Hottentots was commenced by the Moravians, under George Schmidt, from Holland, in 1737. The Dutch farmers compelled him to return to Europe in 1744. With the history of missions in South Africa is imperishably bound up the name of Dr. Vanderkemp, physician, cavalry officer, scholar, and sceptic—the son of a Dutch clergyman. Through the drowning of his wife and daughter in Holland he was led to Christ, and by a series of strange providences, became, in 1799, the

London Missionary Society's agent in South Africa. He preached among the Kaffirs and Hottentots, though over the church doors in Cape Colony he read, "Dogs and Hottentots not admitted." He was the first missionary to the Kaffirs. When converted they walked arm in arm with their wives to church. On seeing this their heathen neighbours rushed to the doors of their huts, exclaiming in indignation, "There's a man yonder who has made himself into a woman's walking-stick."

Among the chief names in this part of the continent is that of Robert Moffat, especially in connection with the conversion of Africaner, "the terror of South Africa," the most cruel and bloodthirsty chief of modern days. A price was set on his head many times over. That Moffat should risk himself in his company, whatever professions he made, was considered foolishly reckless. But Africaner, by the consistency of his life, convinced the most incredulous at last. On one occasion, after the efforts of rain-maker had been in vain, the natives blamed the missionary for the drought. The chief came with his followers and told him he must leave the country, brandishing at the same time his weapons in a threatening manner. Mrs. Moffat, with the babe in her arms, was watching the crisis at the cottage door. Moffat told them he was resolved to abide by his post, and throwing open his waistcoat, said: "Now then, if you will, drive your spears to my heart." At these words the chief said: "These men must have ten lives when they are so fearless of death," and slunk away. Moffat translated the Bible into the Sechwana language The narrative of his work at Kuruman is most interesting. Mrs. Moffat was a true heroine, and rightly shares the honours of her husband. Dr. Livingstone married one of their daughters.

A striking providence was manifested in the life of Barnabas Shaw, the Wesleyan missionary to South Africa. He was forbidden by the Government to preach, or build a chapel in Cape Town; and the Dutch farmers even forbade him preaching to slaves. He then determined to push into the interior, being seconded by his noble wife, who said: "If expense be a difficulty, we have each a little property in Yorkshire; let it go for this." After journeying three hundred miles he camped on the twenty-seventh day near a party of Hottentots, who, with a chief, were going to Cape Town after a missionary to teach them the great Word of which they had heard. Had either party started on its journey half an hour earlier they would have missed each other.

Central Africa.

The Story of Livingstone.

With Central Africa the name of Dr. Livingstone is imperishably associated. "Traveller, explorer, geographer, astronomer, zoologist, botanist, physician, missionary, what a many-sided man!" At starting out he told the directors of the London Missionary Society that he was at their disposal "to go anywhere, provided only it be forward," and plunged into the very heart of "darkest

Africa." As exhibiting his cheerfulness, on setting out for Loando on the west coast, on one occasion, he remarked that he was glad the Boers had taken possession of his goods, "for it saved him the trouble of making a will."

How Stanley found him.

For a long time no word of him had been heard by the outside public, save a rumour which had come to the east coast that he was dead. There was so much uncertainty about the matter that Mr. Bennett of the *New York Herald*, commissioned Henry M. Stanley to find Livingstone, which he did after a journey of nearly two years. He was discovered at a most critical juncture. In 1871, when Livingstone was near the sources of the Nile, his men absolutely refused to proceed one step farther. All usual and unusual appeals were in vain. There was nothing therefore for him but to tramp back to Ujiji, where his supplies were stored. But sorrows never come singly. He found his supplies had been stolen and sold, and the thieves, to save themselves, had started the story that he was dead. To add to his distress there were no letters from home, and Livingstone found himself sick, forsaken, and almost at death's door. But, sixteen days after, a strange party arrived in his camp. It was Stanley's. Who can describe the joy and gratitude of that moment? If Stanley had not been delayed by the war with Mirambo, he should have gone on to Manyema, and very likely lost him. They remained together four months, and Stanley admits that the greatest impulses of his life, especially his attitude towards Christianity, (for he had previously been somewhat sceptical), were due to the influence of Livingstone.

His last hours and honours.

After Stanley left him he continued to prosecute his journeys, but the strong iron constitution was beginning to give way at last. In 1873, at Ilala, Lake Bangweolo, the great Livingstone died, aged sixty years. He was found by his ever-faithful Susi at four o'clock in the morning in his grass hut, on his knees by his bedside, dead! How symbolic that his heart should be buried beneath a moula tree in Africa, while his body should be borne to the resting-place of England's greatest dead. The expedition led by his devoted blacks, Susi and Chuma, bearing Livingstone's body from Ilala to Zanzibar, is one of the most remarkable on record. This dangerous journey of nearly a thousand miles, and which occupied nearly a year, was successfully accomplished, and not one paper of all the last seven years of Livingstone's life was lost. The body was ultimately conveyed to England, identified by Moffat, his father-in-law, and buried in Westminster Abbey amid the profoundest respect and sympathy of the nation. Livingstone was attacked with fever forty times, travelled 29,000 miles, and added to the known part of the globe about one million square miles.

THE CONGO BASIN.

One of the greatest feats of modern times is the journey of

Stanley across Africa, a distance of 7,000 miles, which he successfully accomplished in 1877, emerging at the mouth of the Congo on the west coast 999 days after he had left Zanzibar on the east. This opened to the world the great Congo basin with its 5,249 miles of navigable rivers, an area of eleven millions of square miles, inhabited by forty-three millions of people, speaking 168 languages. For navigation purposes the Congo is spoken of as the Lower and Upper. The Lower Congo is only 100 miles long, from its mouth to Underhill, where cataracts and other impediments begin, and continue to Stanley Pool, a distance of 268 miles. To overcome these obstructions a railway is being built, the first section from Matadi to Leopold Ravine being now completed, and construction trains running. At Stanley Pool, where the Upper Congo begins, there is a clear and uninterrupted course for 1,000 miles. This does not include its tributaries. The Lulongo River which meets the Congo a little north of the equator, including its branch, Lopori, is navigable a distance equal to that between Quebec and Hamilton. By another branch steamers have travelled as far as from Port Arthur to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Commencing at Stanley Pool, there is river navigation on the Congo and its branches of from 7,000 to 10,000 miles.

After King Leopold of Belgium lost his son he adopted Africa instead. He is at the head of the Congo Free State, gives princely sums to it annually, and intends to will it to Belgium at his death. This new state covers an area of 1,508,000 square miles, about equal to the Dominion of Canada east of the Rocky Mountains, and contains a population estimated at thirty-nine millions. In order that the state should have a foundation for permanent prosperity, Stanley in two years concluded treaties with 450 kings or chiefs.

In the Congo region at the present time there are three Roman Catholic missions and eight Protestant, among which is that founded by the celebrated Bishop William Taylor. There are twenty-eight stations and ninety-five missionaries. The Protestant missions have been undertaken by the Swedish, English, and American societies.

The Soudan.

For forty years missionaries have looked toward the interior and sought to find a way into the Soudan country. Krapf, with great modesty and bated breath, revealed his thoughts of establishing a chain of stations from the east coast; the Presbyterians tried to enter from the west coast by the Calabar and Gaboon Rivers; and the Baptists sought an entrance by way of the Cameroons, but all in vain. Stanley, however, has proved that after the cataracts are passed, the Congo is the best way to the Soudan. By it three routes are offered to this, the greatest unevangelized territory on the face of the earth. The Soudan may be said to be bounded on the north by a line joining Cape Verde to Khartoum, and on the south by the eighth parallel of

north latitude, a vast region 3,500 miles across the continent, by 500 miles broad. It has an area of four millions of square miles —greater than that of all Europe—and a population of from sixty to eighty millions—as many as the whole of the United States. And this vast territory is not occupied by a single missionary of the cross! But we are now at the back door of this great dark land. A company from Kansas, U.S., started out about two years ago, but they all died before reaching their destination. Another attempt is now being made, however, the party intending to reach Lake Tchad at the earliest opportunity.

East Africa.

The first missionary of note in East Africa was a young German from Basle Missionary Society, Ludwig Krapf, who began operations in 1837. His name ought to be as well known as Livingstone's, whom he preceded by four years. At Mombasa, he buried within six months his wife and child. Writing home he said: "Tell our friends 'you have now a grave in East Africa, and are therefore summoned to the conversion of Africa from its eastern shore.'"

Uganda.

In East Africa lies the kingdom of Uganda, with a population of about five millions, and directly south lies Lake Tanganyika, discovered by Speke in 1867—the largest and longest lake in the world, having a coast-line of over 2,000 miles.

Mtesa, King of Uganda, expressed to Stanley his desire to have missionaries sent to him. Stanley wrote a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* urging that it be done. That letter had a strange history. Stanley gave it to Linant de Balfonds, one of the officers of Gordon Pasha. When the former was killed by the Baris, the letter was found in his boot, and forwarded by Gordon to England. The Church Missionary Society responded to the call. Mwanga succeeded Mtesa, and persecution soon began. The martyrdom of three boys took place, followed by the mur der of Bishop Hannington, McKay in the meantime holding bravely on. Mwanga was driven out of his kingdom; professed conversion; was then restored; and joined the Roman Catholic Church. Encounters between the Roman Catholics and Protestants are reported from time to time in the daily press, and may yet cause trouble between France and England.

Madagascar.

Geographical and Historical.

Omitting Australia, Madagascar is the third largest island in the world. It has an area four times the size of England and Wales, and is divided into twenty-eight provinces. The population is about five millions, and the capital, Antananarivo, contains 100,- 000 inhabitants. The Hovas are the principal tribe.

The Opening of the Mission.

The French governor of the Island of Bourbon told the first Protestant missionaries that they might as well try to convert cattle as to make Christians of the Malagasy. Now Madagascar is one of the miracles of modern missions, and the crown of the London Missionary Society.

The mission began in 1818, and by 1828 there were 100 schools, and 10,000 scholars connected with them. The king, Radama, issued a proclamation giving liberty to his subjects to receive baptism and to profess Christianity. Soon afterwards he died at the early age of thirty-six, his untimely end being brought on by his vices, especially the habit of intemperance, which he had learned from the Europeans at Tamatave.

The Era of Persecution.

His successor, Queen Ranavalona I. (the "bloody Mary" of Madagascar), alarmed at the progress of Christianity, ordered a general and horrible persecution of the Christians, which has been unequalled in modern times. Four hundred officers were reduced in rank, and two thousand were fined. The missionaries were ordered to leave the island, except a few to teach the natives soap-making. This opportunity they employed to press forward the translation and printing of the Bible in Malagasy. By the time they had taught the natives the useful art above referred to, they had the whole of the New Testament and the greater part of the Old printed and in circulation.

Now all human teachers were gone, and for a quarter of a century the poor hunted Christians had only this Bible. In one district they kept the only copy they had during all this time in a cave which was used for a small-pox hospital, and where the Government officers would not go.

When the last missionary was expelled in 1836, there were 300 Christians in full communion; while they were absent upwards of 1,600 had been murdered for Christ's sake; and yet when the missionaries returned in 1861, there were found to welcome them back 740 members, and 7,000 adherents (fivefold more than when the work of extermination began). "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

There were four special places of martyrdom: One where the victims were speared and thrown to dogs; one where they were hung over a precipice 170 feet high by a rope around the waist. Being asked if they would renounce Christ, on refusal the rope was cut and they were dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Another was where they were stoned to death, and the fourth where they were burned, straw being stuffed into their mouths to prevent their praising God.

These four places, after the persecution ceased, were made over to the missionary of the London Society, and on their sites, four memorial churches were built at an expense of £12,000 subscribed in England.

The French Jesuits found their way to Madagascar in 1862, and by their intrigues have managed to keep up a constant irritation between the Government and France, which has now a protectorate over the island. To the disgrace, however, of the English Government, be it said, it is responsible for the prevailing intemperance, as it forced the vile rum of Mauritius on the island in spite of the strict prohibition of the Government.

Though three missionary societies are working, scarcely one-half of the population has yet been reached by the Gospel. In February, 1869, the Queen Ranavalona II., with her husband, was publicly baptized, and on the following September she publicly burned the national idols. The present queen, Ranavalona III., has reigned since 1883, and is a noble, patriotic, Christian woman.

SUMMARY OF MISSION WORK IN AFRICA.

(Compiled principally from "Encyclopædia of Missions," Funk & Wagnalls, 1891.)

COUNTRY.	Population.	No. of Societies.	Stations.	Ordained Missionaries	Ordained Native Ministers.	Churches.	Sunday School Scholars.	Common Schools.	Communicants.	Native Contributions for all purposes.
The Continent	*250,000,000	43	1,352	611	209	565	29,730	839	101,212	$179,650
Madagascar..	5,000,000	3	1,250	57	1,166	143	4,448	891	56,539	4,400
TOTALS	255,000,000	46	2,602	668	1,375	708	34,178	1,730	157,747	$184,050

WOODSTOCK, Ont.

HOMEWARD.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

THE dear Lord is leading me home to His Rest,
And the path that He chooses can only be best;
The road is uneven, the journey is long,
But my Guide is so gentle, His arm is so strong.

I trust Him to lead me through darkness to day,
And He gives me sometimes a sweet song on the way;
I sing it but feebly, my strength is so small,
Yet it tells of the loving hand guiding through all.

The dear Lord will soon lead me into His Rest,
And will tell me Himself why the dark path was best;
I feel it below,—I shall see it above,—
It will all be made plain in the light of His love.

TORONTO.

*Stanley's estimate.

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D., LL.D.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

THE method by which the solar system came into its present form was sketched in vast outline by Moses. He gave us the fundamental idea of what is called the nebular hypothesis. Swedenborg, that prodigal dreamer of vagaries, in 1734 threw out some conjectures of the way in which the outlines were to be filled up; Buffon followed him closely in 1749; Kant sought to give it an ideal philosophical completeness, as he said, "not as the result of observation and computation," but as evolved out of his own consciousness; and Laplace sought to settle it on a mathematical basis.

It has been modified greatly by later writers, and must receive still greater modifications before it can be accepted by the best scientists of to-day. It has been called "the grandest generalization of the human mind;" and if it shall finally be so modified as to pass from a tentative hypothesis to an accepted philosophy, declaring the modes of a divine worker rather than the necessities of blind force, it will still be worthy of that high distinction.

Let it be clearly noted that it never proposes to do more than to trace a portion of the mode of working which brought the universe from one stage to another. It only goes back to a definite point, never to absolute beginning, nor to nothingness. It takes matter from the hand of the unseen power behind, and merely notes the progress of its development. It finds the clay in the hands of an intelligent potter, and sees it whirl in the process of formation into a vessel. It is not in any sense necessarily atheistic, any more than it is to affirm that a tree grows by vital processes in the sun and dew, instead of being arbitrarily and instantly created. The conclusion reached depends on the spirit of the observer. Newton could say, "This most beautiful system of the sun, planets, and comets could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful being!" Still it is well to recognize that some of its most ardent defenders have advocated it as materialistic. And Laplace said of it to Napoleon, "I have no need of the hypothesis of a god."

The materialistic statement of the theory is this: that matter is at first assumed to exist as an infinite cloud of fire-mist, dowered with power latent therein to grow of itself into every possibility of world, flower, animal, man, mind, and affection, without any interference or help from without. But it requires far more of the Divine Worker than any other theory. He must fill matter

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with capabilities to take care of itself, and this would tax the abilities of the Infinite One far more than a constant supervision and occasional interference. Instead of making the vase in perfect form, and colouring it with exquisite beauty by an ever-present skill, he must endow the clay with power to make itself in perfect form, adorn itself with delicate beauty, and create other vases.

The nebular hypothesis is briefly this: All the matter composing all the bodies of the sun, planets, and satellites once existed in an exceedingly diffused state; rarer than any gas with which we are acquainted, filling a space larger than the orbit of Neptune. Gravitation gradually contracted this matter into a condensing globe of immense extent. Some parts would naturally be denser than others, and in the course of contraction a rotary motion, it is affirmed, would be engendered. Rotation would flatten the globe somewhat in the line of its axis. Contracting still more, the rarer gases, aided by centrifugal force, would be left behind as a ring that would ultimately be separated, like Saturn's ring, from the retreating body. There would naturally be some places in this ring denser than others; these would gradually absorb all the ring into a planet, and still revolve about the central mass, and still rotate on its own axis, throwing off rings from itself. Thus the planet Neptune would be left behind in the first sun-ring, to make its one moon; the planet Uranus left in the next sun-ring, to make its four moons from four successive planet-rings; Saturn, with its eight moons and three rings not made into moons, is left in the third sun-ring; and so on down to Mercury.

The outer planets would cool off first, become inhabitable, and, as the sun contracted and they radiated their own heat, become refrigerated and left behind by the retreating sun. Of course the outer planets would move slowly; but as that portion of the sun which gave them their motion drew in toward the centre, keeping its absolute speed, and revolving in the lessening circles of a contracting body, it would give the faster motion necessary to be imparted to Earth, Venus, and Mercury.

The four great classes of facts confirmatory of this hypothesis are as follows: 1st. All the planets move in the same direction, and nearly in the same plane, as if thrown off from one equator; 2nd. The motions of the satellites about their primaries are mostly in the same direction as that of their primaries about the sun; 3rd. The rotation of most of these bodies on their axes, and also of the sun, is in the same direction as the motion of the planets about the sun; 4th. The orbits of the planets, excluding asteroids, and their satellites, have but a comparatively small eccentricity; 5th. Certain nebulæ are observable in the heavens which are not yet condensed into solids, but are still bright gas.

There are some difficulties in the way of the acceptance of the nebular hypothesis that compel many of the most thorough scientists of the day to withhold their assent to its entirety. The latest, and one of the most competent writers on the subject, Professor Newcomb, who is a mathematical astronomer, and not

an easy theorist, evolving the system of the universe from the depth of his own consciousness, says: "Should any one be sceptical as to the sufficiency of these laws to account for the present state of things, science can furnish no evidence strong enough to overthrow his doubts until the sun shall be found to be growing smaller by actual measurement, or the nebulæ be actually seen to condense into stars and systems." In one of the most elaborate defences of the theory, it is argued that the hypothesis explains why only one of the four planets nearest the sun can have a moon, and why there can be no planet inside of Mercury. The discovery of the two satellites to Mars makes it all the worse for these facts.

Some of the objections to the theory should be known by every thinker. Laplace must have the cloud "diffused in consequence of excessive heat," etc. Helmholtz, in order to account for the heat of the contracting sun, must have the cloud relatively cold. How he and his followers diffused the cloud without heat is not stated.

The next difficulty is that of rotation. The laws of science compel a contraction into one non-rotating body—a central sun, indeed, but no planets about it. Laplace cleverly evades the difficulty by not taking from the hand of the Creator diffused gas, but a sun with an atmosphere filling space to the orbit of Neptune, and *already in revolution.* Helmholtz says of rotation, "the existence of which must be assumed."

It is a very serious difficulty that at least one satellite does not revolve in the right direction. How Neptune or Uranus could throw their moons backward from their equator is not easily accounted for.

A greater difficulty is presented by the recently discovered satellites of Mars. The inner one goes round the planet in one-third part of the time of the latter's revolution. How Mars could impart three times the speed to a body flying off its surface that it has itself, has caused several defenders of the hypothesis to rush forward with explanations, but none with anything more than mere imaginary collisions with some comet.

The nebulæ which we are able to observe are not altogether confirmatory of the hypothesis under consideration. They have the most fantastic shapes, as if they had no relation to rotating suns in the formative stages. There are vast gaps in the middle, where they ought to be densest. Mr. Plumer, in the *Natural Science Review,* says, in regard to the results of the spectroscopic revelations: "We are furnished with distinct proof that the gases so examined are not only of nearly equal density, but that they exist in a low state of *tension. This fact is fatal to the nebular theory.*"

Such are a few of the many difficulties in the way of accepting the nebular hypothesis, as at present explained, as being the true mode of development of the solar system. Doubtless it has come from a hot and diffused condition into its present state; but when such men as Proctor, Newcomb, and Kirkwood see difficulties that cannot be explained, contradictions that cannot be reconciled by the

principles of this theory, surely lesser men are obliged to suspend judgment, and render the Scotch verdict of "not proven." Whatever truth there may be in the theory will survive, and be incorporated into the final solution of the problem; which solution will be a much grander generalization of the human mind than the nebular hypothesis.

Of some things we feel very sure: that matter was once without form and void, and darkness rested on the face of the mighty deeps; that, instead of chaos, we have now cosmos and beauty; and that there is some process by which matter has been brought from one state to the other. Whether, however, the nebular hypothesis lays down the road travelled to this transfiguration, we are not sure.

A soul that has reached an adoration for the Supreme Father cares not how He has made him. Doubtless the way God chose was the best. It is as agreeable to have been thought of and provided for in the beginning, to have had a myriad ages of care, and to have come from the highest existent life at last, as to have been made at once, by a single act, out of dust. The one who is made is not to say to the Maker, "Why hast Thou formed me in this or that manner?" We only wish the question answered in what manner we were really made.

Evolution, without constant superintendence and occasional new inspiration of power, finds some tremendous chasms in the road it travels. These must be spanned by the power of a present God or the airy imagination of man. Dr. McCosh has happily enumerated some of these tremendous gaps over which mere force cannot go. Given, then, matter with mechanical power only, what are the gaps between it and spirituality?

"1. Chemical action cannot be produced by mechanical power.

"2. Life, even in the lowest forms, cannot be produced from unorganized matter.

"3. Protoplasm can be produced only by living matter.

"4. Organized matter is made up of cells, and can be produced only by cells. Whence the first cell?

"5. A living being can be produced only from a seed or germ. Whence the first vegetable seed?

"6. An animal cannot be produced from a plant. Whence the first animal?

"7. Sensation cannot be produced in insentient matter.

"8. The genesis of a new species of plant or animal has never come under the cognizance of man, either in pre-human or post-human ages, either in pre-scientific or scientific times. Darwin acknowledges this, and says that, should a new species suddenly arise, we have no means of knowing that it is such.

"9. Consciousness—that is, a knowledge of self and its operations—cannot be produced out of mere matter or sensation.

"10. We have no knowledge of man being generated out of the lower animals.

"11. All human beings, even savages, are capable of forming certain high ideas, such as those of God and duty. The brute creatures cannot be made to entertain these by any training.

"With such tremendous gaps in the process, the theory which would derive all things out of matter by development is seen to be a very precarious one."

The truth, according to the best judgment to be formed in the present state of knowledge, would seem to be about this: The nebular hypothesis is correct in all the main facts on which it is based; but that neither the present forces of matter, nor any other forces conceivable to the mind of man, with which it can possibly be endowed, can account for all the facts already observed. There is a demand for a personal volition, for an exercise of intelligence, for the following of a divine plan that embraces a final perfection through various and changeful processes. The five great classes of facts that sustain the nebular hypothesis seem set before us to show the regular order of working. The several facts that will not, so far as at present known, accord with that plan, seem to be set before us to declare the presence of a divine will and power working His good pleasure according to the exigencies of time and place.

THE DAWN OF A SUMMER DAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The sky had no touch of colour,
The hillside was cold and grey,
No sound came up from the meadow,
The mist on the river lay.

No flutter of busy insect
Nor twitter of blithesome bird;
And not one leaf in the thicket
By the faintest breeze was stirred.

So all in stillness and shadow
Hushed nature waiting lay,
Just ready to stir and brighten
At the coming of the day.

Then a streak on the far horizon
Heralded twilight's close—
And swift and fresh in a moment
The messenger breeze arose;

It passed over hill and meadow
And down to the river's side,
And lifted the misty cover
That lay on its sleeping tide.

Then onward into the thicket,
Where all was yet dark and still—
Although now a golden glimmer
Had reached the crest of the hill—

And the birds began to twitter,
And the trees to gently sway,
As the glad breeze brought them tidings
Of the coming summer day.

Down in the garden the roses,
As the soft wind flitted by,
Sent forth a breath of rich perfume
To answer its gentle sigh.

A bee that had only waited
Till the flowers were awake,
Busily hummed o'er the blossoms
New riches from each to take.

Then up from the dewy meadow,
Which the sun had reached at last,
Came the sound of clear young voices
As a group of maidens passed;

They were singing their early praises
To the Giver of each good thing,
And their notes had a bird-like sweetness
And a happy thankful ring;

And this the refrain of the carol
They sang as the day was born:
"We thank Thee O loving Father,
For the bright, sweet summer morn!"

TORONTO.

CRAWFORD'S SAIR STRAIT.—A CONFLICT WITH CONSCIENCE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER III.

Alas, how often do Christ's words, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword," prove true. George Selwyn went away, but the seed he had dropped in this far-off corner of Scotland did not bring forth altogether the peaceable fruits of righteousness. In fact, as we have seen, it had scarcely begun to germinate before the laird and the dominie felt it to be a root of bitterness between them. For if Crawford knew anything, he knew that Tallisker would never relinquish his new work, and perhaps if he yielded to any reasonable object, Tallisker would stand by him in his project.

He did not force the emigration plan upon his notice. The summer was far advanced; it would be unjustifiable to send the clan to Canada at the beginning of winter. And, as it happened, the subject was opened with the dominie in a very favourable manner. They were returning from the moors one day and met a party of six men. They were evidently greatly depressed, but they lifted their bonnets readily to the chief. There was a hopeless, unhappy look about them that was very painful.

"You have been unsuccessful on the hills, Archie, I fear."

"There's few red deer left," said the man gloomily. "It used to be deer and men; it is sheep and dogs now."

After a painful silence the dominie said:

"Something ought to be done for those braw fellows. They canna ditch and delve like an Irish peasant. It would be like harnessing stags in a plough."

Then Crawford spoke cautiously of his intention, and to his delight the dominie approved it.

"I'll send them out in Read & Murray's best ships. I'll gie each head o' a family what you think right, Tallisker, and I'll put £100 in your hands for special cases o' help. And you will speak to the men and their wives for me, for it is a thing I canna bear to do."

But the men too listened eagerly to the proposition. They trusted the dominie, and they were weary of picking up a precarious living in hunting and fishing, and relying on the chief in emergencies. Their old feudal love and reverence still remained in a large measure, but they were quite sensible that everything had changed in their little world, and that they were out of tune with it. Some few of their number had made their way to India or Canada, and there was a vague dissatisfaction which only required a prospect of change to develop. As time went on, and the laird's plan for opening the coal beds on his estate got known, the men became impatient to be gone.

In the early part of March two large ships lay off the coast waiting for them, and they went in a body to Crawford Keep to bid the chief "farewell." It was a hard hour, after all, to Crawford. The great purpose that he had kept before his eyes for years was not at that moment sufficient. He had dressed himself in his full chieftain's suit to meet them. The eagle's feather in his Glengarry gave to his great stature the last grace. The tartan and philibeg, the garters at his knee, the silver buckles at his shoulder, belt, and shoon, the jewelled mull and dirk, had all to these poor fellows in this last hour a proud and sad significance. As he stood on the steps to welcome them, the wind coloured his handsome face and blew out the long black hair which fell curling on his shoulders.

Whatever they intended to say to him, when they thus saw him with young Colin by his side they were unable to say. They could only lift their bonnets in silence. The instincts and traditions of a thousand years were over them; he was at this moment the father and the chief of their deepest affection. One by one they advanced to him. He pressed the hands of all. Some of the older men—companions of his youth in play and sport—he kissed with a solemn tenderness. They went away silently as they came, but every heart was full and every eye was dim. There was a great feast for them in the clachan that night, but it was a sombre meeting, and the dominie's cheerful words of advice and comfort formed its gayest feature.

The next day was calm and clear. The women and children were safely on board soon after noon, and about four o'clock the long boats left the shore full of men. Tallisker was in the front one. As they pulled away he pointed silently to a steep crag on the shingly beach. The chief stood upon it. He waved his bonnet, and then the long-pent feelings of the clan found vent in one long, pitiful Gallic lament, *O hon a rie! O hon a rie!* For a few moments the boats lay at rest, no man was able to lift an oar. Suddenly Tallisker's clear, powerful voice touched the right chord. To the grand, plaintive melody of St. Mary's he began the 125th Psalm,

"They in the Lord that firmly trust
shall be like Sion hill,
Which at no time can be removed,
but standeth ever still.

As round about Jerusalem
the mountains stand alway;
The Lord His folk doth compass so
from henceforth and for aye."

And thus singing together they passed from their old life into a new one.

Colin had been indignant and sorrowful over the whole affair. He and Helen were still young enough to regret the breaking of a tie which bound them to a life whose romance cast something like a glamour over the prosaic one of more modern times. Both

would, in the unreasonableness of youthful sympathy, have willingly shared land and gold with their poor kinsmen; but in this respect Tallisker was with the laird.

"It was better," he said, "that the old feudal tie should be severed even by a thousand leagues of ocean. They were men and not bairns, and they could feel their ain feet;" and then he smiled as he remembered how naturally they had taken to self-dependence. For one night, in a conversation with the oldest men, he said: "Crawfords, ye'll hae to consider, as soon as you are gathered together in your new hame, the matter o' a dominie. Your little flock in the wilderness will need a shepherd, and the proper authorities maun be notified."

Then an old gray-headed man had answered very firmly, "Dominie, we will elect our ain minister. We hae been heart and soul, every man o' us, with the Free Kirk; but it is ill living in Rome and striving wi' the pope, and sae for the chief's sake and your sake we hae withheld our testimony. But we ken weel that even in Scotland the Kirk will na hirple along much farther wi' the State on her back, and in the wilderness, please God, we'll plant only a Free Kirk."

The dominie heard the resolve in silence, but to himself he said softly: "*They'll do! They'll do!* They'll be a bit upsetting at first, maybe, but they are queer folk that have nae failings."

A long parting is a great strain; it was a great relief when the ships had sailed quite out of sight. The laird with a light heart now turned to his new plans. No reproachful eyes and unhappy faces were there to damp his ardour. Everything promised well. The coal seam proved to be far richer than had been anticipated, and those expert in such matters said there were undoubted indications of the near presence of iron ore. Great furnaces began to loom up in Crawford's mental vision, and to cast splendid lustres across his future fortunes.

In a month after the departure of the clan, the little clachan of Traquare had greatly changed. Long rows of brick cottages, ugly and monotonous beyond description, had taken the place of the more picturesque sheilings. Men who seemed to measure everything in life with a two-foot rule were making roads and building jetties for coal smacks to lie at. There was constant influx of strange men and women—men of stunted growth and white faces, and who had an insolent, swaggering air, intolerably vulgar when contrasted with the Doric simplicity and quiet gigantic manhood of the mountain shepherds.

The new workers were, however, mainly Lowland Scotchmen from the mining districts of Ayrshire. The dominie had set himself positively against the introduction of a popish element and an alien people; and in this position he had been warmly upheld by Farquharson and the neighbouring proprietors. As it was, there was an antagonism likely to give him full employment. The Gael of the mountains regarded these Lowland "working bodies" with something of that disdain which a rich and cultivated man feels for kin, not only poor, but of con-

temptible nature and associations. The Gael was poor truly, but he held himself as of gentle birth. He had lived by his sword, or by the care of cattle, hunting, and fishing. Spades, hammers, and looms belonged to people of another kind.

Besides this great social gulf, there were political and religious ones still wider. That these differences were traditional, rather than real, made no distinction. Men have always fought as passionately for an idea as for a fact. But Dominie Tallisker was a man made for great requirements and great trusts. He took in the position with the eye of a general. He watched the two classes passing down the same streets as far apart as if separated by a continent, and he said, with a very positive look on his face, "These men are brethren, and they ought to dwell in unity; and, God helping Dugald Tallisker, they will do it, yes, indeed, they will."

CHAPTER IV.

In a year after the departure of the clan, the clachans of Crawford and Traquare had lost almost all traces of their old pastoral character. The coal-pit had been opened, and great iron furnaces built almost at its mouth. Things had gone well with Crawford; the seam had proved to be unusually rich; and, though the iron had been found, not on his land, but on the extreme edge of Blair, he was quite satisfied. Farquharson had struck hands with him over it, and the Blair iron ore went to the Crawford furnaces to be smelted into pig iron.

Crawford had grown younger in the ardent life he had been leading. No one would have taken him to be fifty-five years old. He hardly thought of the past; he only told himself that he had never been as strong and clear-headed and full of endurance, and that it was probable he had yet nearly half a century before him. What could he not accomplish in that time?

But in every earthly success there is a Mordecai sitting in its gate, and Colin was the uncomfortable feature in the laird's splendid hopes. He had lounged heartlessly to and from the works; the steady, mechanical routine of the new life oppressed him, and he had a thorough dislike for the new order of men with whom he had to come in contact. The young Crawfords had followed him about the hills with an almost canine affection and admiration. To them he was always "the young laird." These sturdy Ayrshire and Galloway men had an old covenanting rebelliousness about them. They disputed even with Dominie Tallisker on church government; they sang Robert Burns' most democratic songs in Crawford's very presence.

Then Colin contrasted them physically with the great fellows he had been accustomed to see striding over the hills, and he despised the forms stunted by working in low seams and unhealthy vapours and the faces white for lack of sunshine and grimy with

the all-pervading coal dust. The giants who toiled in leather masks and leather suits before the furnaces suited his taste better. When he watched them moving about amid the din and flames and white-hot metal, he thought of Vulcan and Mount Ætna, and thus threw over them the enchantments of the old Roman age. But in their real life the men disappointed him. They were vulgar and quarrelsome; the poorest Highland gillie had a vein of poetry in his nature, but these iron-workers were painfully matter of fact; they could not even understand a courtesy unless it took the shape of a glass of whiskey.

It was evident to the laird that the new life was very distasteful to his heir; it was evident to the dominie that it was developing the worst sides of Colin's character. Something of this he pointed out to Helen one morning. Helen and he had lately become great friends, indeed they were co-workers together in all the new labours which the dominie's conscience had set him. The laird had been too busy and anxious about other matters to interfere as yet with this alliance, but he promised himself he would do so very soon. Helen Crawford was not going to nurse sick babies and sew for all the old women in the clachan much longer. And the night-school! This was particularly offensive to him. Some of the new men had gone there, and Crawford was sure he was in some way defrauded by it. He thought it impossible to work in the day and study an hour at night. In some way he suffered by it.

"If they werna in the schoolroom they would be in the Change House," Tallisker had argued.

But the laird thought in his heart that the whiskey would be more to his advantage than the books. Yet he did not like to say so; there was something in the dominie's face that restrained him. He had opened the subject in that blustering way which always hides the white feather somewhere beneath it, and Tallisker had answered with a solemn severity:

"Crawford, it seems to be your wark to mak money; it is mine to save souls. Our roads are sae far apart we arena likely to run against each other, if we dinna try to."

"But I don't like the way you are doing your wark; that is all, dominie."

"Mammon never did like God's ways. There is a vera old disagreement between them. A man has a right to consider his ain welfare, Crawford, but it shouldna be mair than the twa tables o' the law to him."

Now Tallisker was one of those ministers who bear their great commission in their faces. There was something almost imperial about the man when he took his stand by the humblest altar of his duty. Crawford had intended at this very time to speak positively on the subject of his own workers to Tallisker. But when he looked at the dark face, set and solemn and full of an irresistible authority, he was compelled to keep silence. A dim fear that Tallisker would say something to him which would

make him uncomfortable crept into his heart. It was better that both the dominie and conscience should be quiet at present.

Still he could not refrain from saying:

"You hae set yoursel' a task you'll ne'er win over, dominie. You could as easy mak Ben-Cruchan cross the valley and sit down by Ben-Appin as mak Gael and Lowlander call each other brothers."

"We are told, Crawford, that mountains may be moved by faith; why not, then, by love? I am a servant o' God. I dinna think it any presumption to expect impossibilities."

Still it must be acknowledged that Tallisker looked on the situation as a difficult one. The new workers to a man disapproved of the Established Church of Scotland. Perhaps of all classes of labourers Scotch colliers are the most theoretically democratic and the most practically indifferent in matters of religion. Every one of them had relief and secession arguments ready for use, and they used them chiefly as an excuse for not attending Tallisker's ministry. When conscience is used as an excuse, or as a weapon for wounding, it is amazing how tender it becomes. It pleased these Lowland workers to assert a religious freedom beyond that of the dominie and the shepherd Gael around them. And if men wish to quarrel, and can give their quarrel a religious basis, they secure a tolerance and a respect which their own characters would not give them. Tallisker might pooh-pooh sectional or political differences, but he was himself far too scrupulous to regard with indifference the smallest theological hesitation.

One day as he was walking up the clachan pondering these things, he noticed before him a Highland shepherd driving a flock to the hills. There was a party of colliers sitting around the Change House; they were the night-gang, and having had their sleep and their breakfast, were now smoking and drinking away the few hours left of their rest. Anything offering the chance of amusement was acceptable, and Jim Armstrong, a saucy, bullying fellow from the Lonsdale mines, who had great confidence in his Cumberland wrestling tricks, thought he saw in the placid indifference of the shepherd a good opportunity for bravado.

"Sawnie, ye needna pass the Change House because we are here. We'll no hurt you, man."

The shepherd was as one who heard not.

Then followed an epithet that no Highlander can hear unmoved, and the man paused and put his hand under his plaid. Tallisker saw the movement and quickened his steps. The word was repeated, with the scornful laugh of the group to enforce it. The shepherd called his dog—

"Keeper, you tak the sheep to the Cruchan corrie, and dinna let ane o' them stray."

The dumb creature looked in his face assentingly, and with a sharp bark took the flock in charge. Then the shepherd walked up to the group, and Jim Armstrong rose to meet him.

"Nae dirks," said an old man quietly; "tak your hands like men."

Before the speech was over they were clinched in a grasp which

meant gigantic strength on one side, and a good deal of practical bruising science on the other. But before there was an opportunity of testing the quality of either the dominie was between the men. He threw them apart like children, and held each of them at arm's length, almost as a father might separate two fighting schoolboys. The group watching could not refrain a shout of enthusiasm, and old Tony Musgrave jumped to his feet and threw his pipe and his cap in the air.

"Dugaid," said the dominie to the shepherd, "go your ways to your sheep. I'll hae nae fighting in my parish.

"Jim Armstrong, you thrawart bully you, dinna think you are the only man that kens Cumberland cantrips. I could fling you mysel' before you could tell your own name;" and as if to prove his words, he raised an immense stone, that few could have lifted, and with apparent ease flung it over his right shoulder. A shout of astonishment greeted the exploit, and Tony Musgrave—whose keen, satirical ill-will had hitherto been Tallisker's greatest annoyance—came frankly forward and said, "Dominie, you are a guid fellow!"

But Tallisker was not inclined to prolong the scene; the interference had been forced upon him. It had been the only way to stop a quarrel which there would have been no healing if blood had once been shed. Yet he was keenly alive to the dignity of his office, and resumed it in the next moment. The men were silent and respectful, and for the first time lifted their caps with a hearty courtesy to Tallisker when he left them.

"Weel! Wonders never cease!" said Jim Armstrong scornfully. "To see Tony Musgrave hobnobbing wi' a black-coat! The deil must 'a' had a spasm o' laughing."

"Let the deil laugh," said Tony, with a snap of his grimy fingers. Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "Lads, I heard this morning that the dominie's wheat was spoiling, because he couldna get help to cut it. I laughed when I heard it; I didna ken the man then. I'm going to-morrow to cut the dominie's wheat; which o' you will go wi' me?"

"I!" and "I!" and "I!" was the hearty response; and so next day Traquare saw a strange sight—a dozen colliers in a field of wheat, making a real holiday of cutting the grain and binding the sheaves, so that before the next Sabbath it had all been brought safely home.

Ay, goodman, close the great barn-door;
The mellow harvest-time is o'er,
The earth has given her treasure meet
Of golden corn and bearded wheat.
Ring out the words, "Who of his hoard
Doth help God's poor, doth lend the Lord!"
Go, get your cargoes under way—
The bells ring out Thanksgiving Day!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

"ALL HOT."

BY THE RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

The road from my district to the cemetery, in the "third-class ground" of which most of my poor are laid to their rest when freed from the sorrow and strife of life, lies for a considerable distance through a highly genteel suburb. A little while back the inhabitants of this genteel quarter were no doubt considerably astonished, if not scandalized, by the sight of a funeral cortège, of which it was my lot to form a part. The funeral proper, speaking from a strictly "undertaking" point of view, was quite correct—genteel even. An open hearse, a gorgeous pall, a flower-bedecked coffin, and three "well-appointed" mourning coaches; but succeeding these came cabs, coal waggons, firewood vans, pony traps, and even donkey-drawn costers' "shallows," while behind the conveyances came a long array of mourners afoot. None of these latter had on the customary suits of solemn black. Some few among them wore bands of crape upon their sleeves—old "rusty" crape, evidently "raked up" for the occasion. Apart from this they were in their every-day garments; cheap slop clothing, ill-fitting, much worn, and variedly labour-stained. For these mourners were of the poorest of the poor, and, generally speaking, were possessed only of the clothes they "stood up in." With them, therefore, "the trappings and the suits of woe" were conspicuous by their absence.

As they marched along with solemn step and slow, they would no doubt have appeared, to a casual observer, a motley crew. But their saddened faces and reverential bearing marked them as true mourners. And they had reason to mourn. The departed mortal whom they were following to his last earthly resting-place had been a man, who, in his degree, had ever considered the poor alike in word and deed. Like most of our local notables, he was best known by a sobriquet, being popularly spoken of as "All Hot!"

When I first came to make his acquaintance, however, Mr. P—— had risen to a considerably higher business level. He was the proprietor and manager of a large, well-built, well-found night coffee-stall, while by day he and his wife carried on a retail coal and firewood trade upon a rather extensive scale, their dwelling-house being attached to the yard. My introduction to him was upon a, to me, memorable occasion—that of my first Arab hunt. I need scarcely say that the Arabs here in question were not Arabs of the desert, but of a worse place—Arabs of the London slums. Magistrate's orders under the Industrial Schools Act had been made against two boys living in my district, who had been shown to be "beyond control." Whether there had been any genuine endeavour to exercise control upon the part of the parents concerned, was a very open question. At any rate, it was so evident that they were more than merely willing to be "rid" of the

children, that instead of remanding the latter to the Workhouse during the time that the formalities incidental to "naming a school" were being got through, the magistrate allowed them to leave the court with their parents. It was assumed that the boys would be only too readily given up when demanded, and in respect to the parents the assumption was quite justifiable. But whatever may have been the desire of the parents in the matter, the boys objected to being "put away," and they showed their objection in very practical fashion. When they were being taken to the police-court to be given over to the industrial school officer, they "slipped their jackets," leaving them in the hands of the parents, and bolted. From that time they had been "wanted" by the police, but had managed to evade capture.

The homes they had run away from were in a very poor neighbourhood, in which women as well as men went out to work, so that numbers of the houses were left unguarded during the day. Taking advantage of their detailed knowledge upon this head, the young runaways made their way into sundry of the dwellings and stole food. This proceeding upon their part aroused very angry feelings against them upon the part of the sufferers, and there was a general threatening to "knock corners off them" if they should be caught. But presently indignation gave way to compassion. It was winter time, and hard weather, and the youngsters were sleeping out. After a time, forced into the open by hunger, as it was easy to surmise, they had been occasionally seen prowling about the streets literally seeking in the gutter for what they might devour. Some who knew them had got near enough to them to observe that they were in a pitiable condition —dirty, ragged, shoeless, and footsore; shivering with cold, gaunt from hunger—altogether "broke" and miserable. More than one attempt was made to lay hold of them, not now with any view to chastising them for raiding for food, but to aid and comfort them; to redeem them as far as might be from the wretchedness into which they had fallen. But they had fled from the faces of their friends, as they had from the supposed enemies who had wished to put them away. The matter having been repeatedly mentioned to me, I at length took upon myself to put it to those concerned, that surely these suffering, misguided little waifs might be secured if a really earnest attempt to that end were made.

"Do you know the boys by sight; well enough to swear to them, you know?" I was asked. I understood the drift of the question, and promptly replied that I did know them by sight, quite well enough to be able to unhesitatingly identify them.

"That is all very well, so far," was next remarked, but was I "good" to go out with the officers to identify them? This was evidently intended to be a "settler" for me; but I calmly replied that I was quite "good," that I was anxious to do anything in my power to aid in getting the poor boys under care and shelter.

"Well, you see," said the official, after a pause, and speaking in a somewhat apologetical tone, "the warrant-officer has never seen either of these young shavers. Then the life they have been

leading will have altered their appearance, and there are plenty other such customers about, so that a mistake might easily be made. Nowadays it don't do to be arresting wrong parties, even young gutter snipes; there is always someone to take up a thing of that kind, and make it warm for the authorities."

"I would take all the responsibility of the identification upon myself," I answered.

"That is all right, so far," the official repeated, resuming his "making difficulties" tone; "but, you know, we can't go trying the needle in the haystack business. Have you any idea where they are to be dropped on?"

Having had previous experience of official ways, I had come prepared for this interrogation, and answered that I had more than a mere idea upon that point. I had made inquiries, and had learned from a trustworthy source that the boys who were wanted were in the habit of sleeping in one or another of a certain range of arches.

"It will be a night job, then," said the official, "and we may as well try to pull it off to-night; I'll have a warrant-officer here to meet you at twelve o'clock. It would be waste of time to start earlier," he went on. "In the sort of dovecote you are going to flutter, the birds go to roost late. Small blame to them either, poor things," he concluded, his voice softening; "man, woman, or child, they must be dreadfully dead-beat to be able to sleep in a railway arch in winter weather. All the same, it is wonderful how soundly out-door dossers will sleep. They are generally curled up like dogs, and some of them you have to fairly unroll and shake up before you can waken them. It was a sort of job I never cared for myself, though I have had a number of them in my time—however, I wish you success in yours."

At midnight I duly met the warrant-officer who had been told off for the particular "job" in which I was to assist. A good deal of his work lay in my district, so that I had a nodding acquaintance with him, and knew that he bore the reputation of being not only "an active and intelligent officer," but a kindly man, one who, when need was, could be resolute in the execution of his office, but was never harsh.

It was December, and on leaving the police station I would have hurried forward, but the officer, holding back and looking at his watch, remarked: "We are full early yet; if we begin the hunt before the youngsters have turned in, some of the others will slip off and give them the hint, and we shall miss them."

"I am in your hands as to the hunt," I said; "I was only thinking of keeping myself warm."

"Well, yes," agreed my companion, "it certainly is not a night to linger by the way; suppose we walk as far as 'All Hot's' stall, and have a cup of something warm before starting work. We shall be all the better for a cup of hot coffee in any case, and, besides, it is on the cards that we might get some useful information at the stall. The old fellow's customers are a wonderfully mixed lot. I have seen them driving up in cabs, and they run

from belated swells down to the poorest of the poor. Ay! the very poorest of the poor," he added, after a thoughtful pause. "Many a starving creature has he given a meal to 'free gratis for nothing,' as the saying is, and he don't always stop at that. To my personal knowledge there is more than one woman who has owed to him the helping hand that has raised her out of the deeps. There is his shanty," he suddenly concluded, nodding towards a point of light that at the instant became visible a little distance off.

We soon reached the stall, and were for the moment the only customers at it. The proprietor promptly came forward to wait upon us. He had a fur travelling cap tied down over his ears, and a large "muffler" wrapped round his neck, so that there was not much of his face to be seen. So far as I could make out at a glance, it was the face of a man about sixty, rugged and wrinkled, but pleasant to look upon by reason of the kindly expression beaming from the soft bright grey eyes.

"Out on business, I suppose?" queried the old man, speaking to my companion, as he placed our cups of coffee before us.

"Well, yes, in a mild way," the officer answered; "we are after a couple of youngsters who are wanted for an Industrial School. Their names are B—— and S——, and we are told they sleep in the railway arches. Do you happen to know anything of them?"

"No," was the answer given after a reflective pause; "some of the arches 'dossers' do give me a call occasionally, but I don't remember any two boys among them lately. Here is a young fellow coming who might be able to tell you something," he added, a moment later. "You had better get more into the shadow. If he spots you before he has called for anything, he may 'step it.'"

We moved a little aside, and presently there came to the counter of the stall a gaunt, white-faced, miserably-clad youth of about eighteen, who was tightly hugging himself in a not very successful attempt to keep from shivering.

"'Arf a mahogany juice and a pair of door-steps," he called out, at the same time throwing down a shilling with quite a flourish.

While this order—which on being interpreted I found meant half-a-pint of coffee and two thick slices of bread and butter—was being executed the new-comer caught sight of my companion, and made a move as though he would have snatched up his shilling and fled.

"You needn't go away on my account," quickly, but quietly, put in the officer, "there's nothing against you that I know of."

"No, nor as nobody else knows of," answered the other, recovering himself; "poverty is a great ill-convenience, but it ain't no crime."

"That is true if it is not new," assented the officer, smiling; "however, you seem to be in luck to-night," and as he spoke he glanced significantly at the shilling.

At this moment the refreshments were handed up, and the youth paused to gulp down part of the coffee, and devour one of the slices of bread before answering: "That there shilling was fair and square come by, and it *was* a bit of luck and came just in the

nick of time. I had been about all day and hadn't picked up or a morsel of anything to eat. I had give it up for a bad job, and was on my way back to find a 'bunk' for the night, when I sees a cab with luggage atop, and thinks I'll have a last try here. So I starts on the run after it and followed it a good 'arf mile. When it pulled up, I was so dead beat and out o' breath, that I was hardly any use with the luggage, and they had to bring a servant out to help. I only expected to get a copper or two, if anything, but the passenger was a lady, and one of the sort—God bless 'em—as 'as 'arts as can feel for another; she looks at me and sees how broke and starved I was, and she opened her purse and put a shilling in my hand, and did it in a way too as was worth more than the money. So having got the ready I am going to treat myself to a 'bust' and a bed." Suiting the action to the word, he drank off the rest of the coffee and disposed of the slice of bread.

"Act the first," he exclaimed, when he had done so, then, turning to "All Hot," added, "Repeat the dose, governor, and let me have a 'ard biled egg as well this journey."

While this second helping was being prepared my companion "came to business."

"You sleep in the railway arches sometimes," he said to the young fellow not questioningly, but as mentioning a fact within his own knowledge.

"Well, yes, a good many more times than I like," answered the other with a grin.

"Do you know two boys named B—— and S——?" the officer asked.

"B—— and S——," the other repeated slowly, and then, his face brightening, he exclaimed, "Oh, you mean 'Fatty' and his pal."

"I believe one of the boys was known as 'Fatty,'" I whispered to the officer, who immediately nodded affirmatively to our vagrant friend.

"Wanted, to be sent to a school ain't they?" the latter went on volubly—"don't know what is good for 'em, only wish I had had the chance when I was their age. They will need 'corning' up when they do get 'em to the school. There ain't much 'Fatty' about either of them now, I can tell you, the framework is pretty nigh all that is left of 'em. If some one don't pick 'em up soon it will be a case of send for the coroner. It is doing 'em a good turn to put you on to 'em. They do sleep in the arches, and for choice in the arch that old F—— puts his coke waggons up in; there are some old sacks there. But of course in that sort of lodgings, it's a case of first come, first served, and take or keep who can. Some one may have been before 'em, or some one may have kicked 'em out. If they ain't in that arch, though, they'll be in some of the others; the arches is their 'lurk,' you'll find 'em fast enough."

"And if you do lay hold of them," said the coffee-stall keeper, as we were turning away, "bring them along here and I'll give them a feed; from what our friend in luck here says, that will be a job that will require doing judgmatically."

As a matter of fact, the boys of whom we were in pursuit had on this particular night been forestalled in the occupancy of their favourite arch. Our search for them was long and painful—exceedingly painful in the sense that the forlorn man-forsaken creatures whom we disturbed as we went from arch to arch were heartrending spectacles to look upon. There is neither space nor need here, however, to dwell upon this point in detail. It is sufficient to say that we found and carried away the boys. Almost literally carried them away, for they were so weak from starvation that they could scarcely walk. Seeing this, we remembered "All Hot's" invitation and made for his stall.

"Here we are," said the warrant-officer; "here's your chance to give them the feed you promised; they'll make a hole in your larder, I expect, they look in rare trim for eating."

"I don't know so much about that," said the old stall-keeper, eyeing the youngsters critically and pityingly, as he motioned them to a sheltered seat beside his stove. "I only hope they ain't overstrained, as you may say, got past the eating-point, you know, as those who have been starved long and slow often enough do; as far as a question of rough feeding goes anyway. They look wolfish to others, and they think themselves that if they could get a chance at food they could eat any quantity and almost anything, but after a mouthful or two they find they can't. Many a well-meaning person does an injustice through not considering this."

While he had been "laying down the law" on this point he had taken out of a locker and opened a tin of some concentrated soup.

"We must touch the harp lightly, at first at any rate," he went on, as he poured the soup into a saucepan and placed it on the fire, "a spoonful or two of this will be about the best thing to start with, then a cup of cocoa with a light-boiled egg. If they can manage that they will do, and you may let 'em loose at a rough filling of bread and butter, and finish off with a bit of cake, for all boys have a sweet tooth. And mind you," he added, turning to the boys and waving the spoon with which he had been stirring the soup, by way of giving emphasis to his speech, "gently does the trick; them as eats slowest will eat the most in the long run, so steady all is the word, or I shall have to put a stopper on."

As he said, so it was done. Under his judicious and watchful handling the young starvelings accomplished quite a champion performance in the way of a meal. When they had eaten until they could eat no more, he presented each of them with a great "hunk" of cake to carry away, and with a parting benediction sent them on their road, if not exactly rejoicing, relatively like giants refreshed—warmed, rested, invigorated.

This feeding of the hungry was but a small incident in itself, but it was characteristic of the man. On the strength of this introduction I cultivated the acquaintance of "All Hot," and found it not only pleasant, but profitable. His knowledge of the poor, and of their ways and woes and wants was as extensive as his goodwill towards them was great. It was a knowledge gained of experience, the exceptional experience of a keen and kindly

observer, who for years had been habitually abroad by night, and had seen more than most other men of the great city's "children of the night;" its fallen, or friendless, or homeless outcasts.

Much of the old man's unostentatious good work had been done among this class, but it had been by no means confined to them. For a considerable distance around his nightly "pitch" it was known that the food at his stall was "fresh and fresh" each night. This trade custom upon his part brought its own reward in the shape of a large circle of customers, but it also left him with a considerable remainder of provisions on hand each morning. These he disposed of in characteristic fashion at his home. The food was done up in "penny lots," which were generally spoken of as "All Hot's Prize Packets," for in relation to the quantity and quality of the goods constituting a "lot" the price was a mere nominal one; even when it was paid. In many instances the lots were given without money and without price. All the old man's customers in this connection were of the honest, struggling, poor class. If they came to him penniless he knew that it was a case of *must* with them, that their poverty and not their will consented, and none who came to him were allowed to go empty away, so long as his supplies held out. And where in such cases there was special sorrow or distress, further help would be promptly forthcoming. In such matters the shrewd old stall-keeper could act for himself with confidence. Years before I came to know him the "besters," the professional charity-hunters, that is, had given up "trying it on" with him. They knew that as he was wont to put it himself, he could "read them off at sight." But even the "besters" had no ill word for him. They, as well as others, spoke of him in all sincerity as "a real good sort," and they respected the penetration and knowledge of character that had always enabled him to hold his own against their tribe.

Of the good deeds of this humble and little-known helper and worker among the poor there is not room to speak here, nor would he have had them spoken of. He never wearied in well-doing, was ever ready to give of his substance or service according to his means and strength, and had he cared for reward he had it in that the poor called him blessed. When, well-stricken in years, he passed away, the poor of the district in which he had lived and worked, mourned his loss with a true and unselfish grief. After their own fashion they sought to do, as best they might, honour to his memory. Hence the semi-public character they gave to his funeral, and their tearfully-spoken epitaph around his grave that he was indeed A Friend to the Poor.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness
His own, thy will,
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfil.

NEW ENGLAND ODDITIES.*

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

"No, I don't call Cap'n Burdick crazy," said my good old friend, Aunt Charry, as we looked out on the quiet village street. "He's right enough about everything but one; smart, forehanded, a good farmer, and a consistent church-member. There's only jest one little thing that makes him different from other folks, and that's his thinkin' that the millenium's over and done with instead o' comin', and that he rec'lects it all. Get him on ary other topic and you'd never notice anything queer about his talk. But jest as he's goin' on smooth and sensible, and you thinkin' what a smart, knowledgable man he is, something will be sure to bring up that notion of his. And he'll go on about what a beautiful time it was, and how queer it looked to see the wolves dwellin' with the lambs, and the leopard layin' down with the kids, and the children leadin' 'em, and he'll talk so earnest about it all—his voice shaky and his eyes wet—as he tells how the deserts blossomed like the rose, and the parched ground become a pool; how they beat up their swords into ploughshares and their spears into prunin'-hooks, that you can't misdoubt he believes it every single word; and when he says, real low and softly, 'And sorrer and sighin' did all flee away,' why, you're nigh onto believin' it yourself, and wishin' you'd lived in them days.

"Now, that isn't bein' crazy; it's jest kind o' dreamin'. I've had dreams myself just as real and nat'ral as that, and couldn't scasly believe sometimes after I woke up that they hadn't act'ally happened. But you see I did wake up, and the cap'n never has. That's the difference. There's lots o' that sort; dreamin' awake's about as common's dreamin' asleep. That's what I hold. And as long as the dreams are pleasant, comfortable ones—not nightmares, o' course—why, I sometimes think the people that lives in 'em are about as happy as other folks, and maybe happier. I'm sure they're a sight more interestin' to talk with. You see, they've got somethin' that don't change, and that's a dreadful comfort in this alterin' and twistin' and turnin' world. Real things allers have to alter somehow here; make-believe ones don't. So, with these dreamin' folks, crops may fail, their creaturs die, their children dishonour 'em, elections go wrong, and church meetin's get off the right track—everything real may be in a stir and a mix and a muddle—but their dreams go right straight along, allers jest the same, smooth and quiet and peaceful like.

"And they've got what they want, too, in them dreams, and if they waked up—in this world, I mean—they wouldn't have it. There's everything in the Bible, ain't they? I'm forever a-quotin'

*Our readers will be interested in reading another of Miss Slosson's graphic sketches, abridged from her book, "Seven Dreamers." Published by the well-known house of Harper & Brothers, New York.

from it, as you know. Folks laugh at me about it, but somehow there's allers somethin' there that expresses my meanin' better'n I could put it into talk myself. I'm readin' it in course, now, and only the other day I come to a place in Isaiah where it treats o' this, and it says: 'A hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty: a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and, behold, he is faint.' And so 'tis.

"Why, I 'most wish I could dream that way myself, and so have somethin' that didn't and couldn't ever happen divert my mind, 's they say, from the things that allers are a-happenin'.

"There was Uncle Enoch Stark, over to Derby Plains; he was one of the contentedest men I ever knew. His dream was about his sister Lucilly, that died a baby, afore he was born, and how she was still livin' and out West somewheres. It don't seem much to tell of, but I can tell you it made a wonderful difference in that old man's life. You see, he hadn't any folks, and he'd 'a' been mighty lonesome. But there was allers somethin' happenin' to Lucilly or her family—she had a large one, it seems—and it gave him enough to think on. He was forever a-plannin' to go and see her; went so fur sometimes as to pack his carpet-bag. But 'twas too much of a undertakin', and he gave it up, When he took his last sickness he wanted Lucilly sent for, but he went off sudden, and hadn't any time to worry about it. And I sometimes try to guess what he thought and said and done when he saw the real Lucilly in the next world—jest a baby, you know, that died o' teethin'. But there, I know 'twas all right then, 'Like a dream when one awaketh,' as the Bible says.

"And in New Granby, where I was born, you know, there was Lucy Ann Breed, a master-hand at dreamin', I can tell you. For what do you think her notion was but that she writ the *Pilgrim's Progress!* Poor Lucy Ann! Folks called her crazy, and made sech fun of her! But she was a hard-workin', patient, self-denyin' woman, and smarter than many o' them that laughed at her. She had a crippled brother with the rickets, and did for him year after year, though 'twas a pretty hard struggle sometimes. But her queer dream fetched her right along through everything. You wouldn't 'a' thought it so dreadful funny, neither, if you'd seen her face—she was real homely and hard-featur'd—kind o' light up as she was talkin', like Steeple Rock there when the sun shines on it. She was a Christian, if there ever was one, and she was so humble and thankful to think she'd gone and done so much good to souls with her 'poor little book.' 'Tain't me,' she'd say, the tears a-rainin' down her thin, saller face; 'don't praise me; 'twas put into my heart to do it, and I jest writ what was telled me.'

"Well, she's awake now, but she's 'satisfied,' for Scripter says so. And maybe she's met old Mr. Bunyan himself afore now. I guess he won't begrudge her the comfort she got out o' thinkin she made up his book, for he was sort o' given to dreamin' himself, you know.

"Why, I haven't ever lived or been in a New England village

myself where there wasn't one or more sech folks. You've known some yourself, too. You rec'lect Wrestlin' Billy, that lived on Double Pond, I know. Now, did you ever meet a much better man than him? Pious, prayin' quiet, peace-makin', char'table; he was all that, and more. But some time or other, you know, Billy'd dreamed that he'd wrestled once with a angel, like Jacob, and he never waked up out o' that dream. But what harm come of it, anyway? I hold that he was a better man for it, somehow. You've heard him tell about it, haven't you? Don't you rec'lect how earnest and excited he'd get, so proud, and yet humble at the same time, tellin' o' that awful fight in the night-time, when he couldn't see who he was a-strugglin' with? Wasn't it creepy and scarey to hear him cry out, so loud and shrill like, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me'?

"My! my! I never could keep from believin' in that story while he was a-tellin' it, could you? nor from bein' glad, either, when 'twas all over, the break o' day come, and Billy had pervailed. Don't you know how tired out he'd look after the wrestlin' part was ended, and how he'd wipe off his face and catch his breath and whisper out, 's well as he could, 'An' he blessed me there'?

"And there was Jerry Whaples, o' Groton Corners; I don't know but his idee was the unusualest of any I've come acrost, for he took for his motter and watchword and war-cry, as you might say, through his whole life long, a verse from the Bible that never seemed to have much meanin' to anybody else. But it jest helped him along through everything. It's in Isaiah; I've looked it up lots o' times, and tried to get some comfort out of it: 'At Michmash He hath laid up His carriages.' Ain't that queer, now? Think o' that for a help and a comfort and a restin'-place! But 'twas all that to Jerry. He had awful troubles—lost his wife and every child, one after the other; had his house and barn burned down—had sickness and sorrer and trouble. But through everything that passage, that seems so holler and empty o' comfort or even meanin' to us, by itself, carried him safe along. I've heard him say it in sech dreadful times, enough to make a man's faith give way, I tell you. And when it come out in that tremblin' voice, and him a-smilin' through his cryin', why, it some way appeared even to me to have somethin' deep and holy and comfortin' in the sound. 'At Michmash He hath laid up His carriages.' I can't laugh about it as some do. I believe some way there is a meanin' to it, and 'twas showed to old Jerry in his dream. For a verse that lifts a bein' out o' sech dreadful pits o' sorrer, strengthens him in battle, and comforts him till he can smile even through his cryin', and what's more, helps him to die the death o' the righteous—for 'twas what he stammered out, a word at a time, jest before he shet his eyes forever—why, it must, it *must* have somethin' to it we're too wide-awake to get hold of. Yes, he jest breathed it out at the last, so low that they couldn't hardly catch it, 'At Michmash,' says he, softly, and smilin' 's he speaks, 'He—hath—laid up—His—carriages,' and he was gone!

"Reuben Davison, down Bethel way, that allers had a child's

high-chair put close by him at table, he must 'a' been dreamin' somethin', though nobody ever knew what. He'd never had chick nor child of his own, as fur's anyone knew, and he was a hard, harsh kind o' man. But they tell me there was a terr'ble soft, lovin' sort o' look would come all over his featur's sometimes when he looked at that chair—jest a plain, cheap wooden one, you know, but a child's, and high.

"Deacon Levi, as they called him, who used to go to the door on dark stormy nights and hold up a lantern's if he was lightin' some one home, and call out so kind o' pitiful, 'Mary, Mary;' old Mis' Prentice, over in Bradley, a real meek, softly little woman, who allers declared to the last that she'd been a pirate years ago, but was a changed woman now; 'Perpetual Motion Neddy,' from acrost the river; Dr. Weaver, that shet himself up the tenth o' every month, and wore a woman's bonnet from sunrise to sunset —they were all a-dreamin', dreamin', every soul of 'em.

"They have different names for sech folks. They say they're 'cracked,' they've 'got a screw loose,' they're 'a little off,' they 'ain't all there,' and so on. But nothin' accounts for their notions so well to my mind as to say they're all jest dreamin'. It's the way o' the world to laugh at em, and it allers was, back to the time when Joseph's brothers got together and whispered about him, and said, 'Behold, this dreamer cometh.' But they'd be missed, I tell you, out o' the village they live in—they're mostly country folks, you know—more'n some o' the wide-awake ones. I'm sure I rec'lect some o' them I've known for years back better than ary other folks, and I think of 'em more frequent. And I'm glad—I ain't ashamed to say it—that they never waked up this side o' heaven, 'till the day breaks and the shadders flee away,' 's Scripter says. And what's more, I believe—when they look back on those soothin', sleepy, comfortin' idees o' theirn, that somehow helped 'em along through all the pesterin' worry and frettin' trouble o' this world—I believe, I say, that they're glad too. You'll think I'm no more'n a dreamer myself when I tell you that sometimes as I set here, thinkin' I can 'most hear 'em, one after another, speakin' from 'way up there somewheres and sayin', in the words o' Scripter, 'I awaked and beheld, and my sleep was sweet unto me.'"

SO MANY.

Among so many can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes—a myriad ways—
And God's eye over every place?

I asked: my soul bethought of this;
In just that every place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do.

THE NEWER PARTS OF CANADA.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

When Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, testified in a British court that the prairies of Manitoba were unfit for human habitation, few people ventured to differ from this sage conclusion. The Canadian North-West was the congenial stamping-ground of hunters and trappers, for most of the finer furs of commerce were found there; but no one supposed a large part of this vast region could produce the best of wheat, fatten cattle and sheep by the million, and support a numerous and prosperous people.

The fact is, the exploration of the northern half of this continent is still in its early stages. Until a few years ago there had been in Canada no scientific exploration north of Great Slave Lake except along the Arctic Coast. Each annual report of the Canadian Minister of the Interior, every map and volume issuing from the Geological Survey, is to a considerable extent, a record of original discovery. Many a page is as entertaining as any book of travels, and many a year will yet elapse before Canada and Alaska will cease to give us fresh geographical news.

Few people realize the immense labour involved in the thorough study of a new country. Mr. Herbert Ward, who was here from the Congo recently, said that though several hundred white men have lived for ten years past in various parts of the great basin, very little is yet known of the Congo region. When a committee of the Canadian Senate, two years ago, gathered all the information they could collect of the great Mackenzie basin, they reported that much of the northern and eastern portion was as little known as the interior of Africa. What a rich opportunity this little-known country is affording to the able and enthusiastic explorers of the scientific bureaus at Ottawa! Here is one of the interesting surprises to which they have treated us.

Some old maps used to show a low range of mountains stretching east and west for hundreds of miles west of Lake Athabaska. If you happen to visit that region on a vacation tour you will look in vain for those mountains. You will find instead an almost illimitable prairie stretching away to the horizon, not in gentle undulations as in Minnesota, but as level as a floor. Suddenly a surprising thing will occur. A moment before, you saw nothing but the boundless, verdant sward; the next, without the slightest warning you find yourself standing on the edge of a mighty gorge. Seven hundred to a thousand feet below flows a water-way, a half-mile wide, and the old trappers, paddling up the noble Peace River, looked at the sandstone cliffs far above and called them mountains. If they had had the spirit of the explorer they would have climbed to the top and seen at a glance that they were in a prairie land through which this great chasm has been cut. Some day steamers will float on this wonderfully crooked water-way and they will carry tourists for seven hundred miles from the foot of the Rocky Mountains along this very deep and narrow valley, through which meanders the great stream that is unique among all the rivers in the world.

There are a number of novelties for North American tourists that must be sought alone in Canada. Our Alpine regions among the Rocky Mountains where great glaciers descend for thousands of feet to the lower valleys can be found only north of the international boundary. In time, when the tourist wants the exhilaration of a trip through the Rockies by small boat, he will make his way to the head waters of the Peace River west of the mountains, and for nearly seventy-five miles he will float down the stream, amid the grandest of scenery, the mountains towering above him 5,000 feet

on either hand, and all the way he will meet with only one or two small rapids to add a little excitement to the trip. He will not, however, venture into the rapids by which the river, emerging from the mountains, drops to the plain below ; for in ten miles the river tumbles a thousand feet and is very grand and turbulent before it enters its narrow gorge and assumes a placidity befitting its name.

By using the steamers which the Hudson Bay Company within a few years has launched upon the Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers, one may now travel from New York City to the Arctic Ocean along interior routes, carried all the way by steam except for about 335 miles. He will travel by rail to Calgary on the Canadian Pacific, thence 270 miles by waggon to Athabasca Landing, where he can take a steamer for over 200 miles to the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca River, where sixty miles of land portage are required. At Fort McMurray, the foot of the rapids, a steamer has been running for six years down the river to Lake Athabasca and into the Slave River, to the second and last obstruction, five rapids close together. Below these rapids another steamer has been plying for six years and there is no further interruption of navigation in the 1,037 miles down the great Mackenzie River to the sea.

In all this vast country from the Saskatchewan River to the Arctic Ocean our knowledge is confined chiefly to the rivers and the great lakes. Explorers, missionaries, and agents of the Hudson Bay Company know very little of the enormous areas stretching between the water-courses. The future will fill the maps with numberless details now wholly lacking ; but in broad outline we know the characteristics of the country and they may be very briefly described.

Draw a line from near Cape Bathurst on the Arctic Ocean, almost exactly south-east to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay. All the country east of this line is barren ground, utterly worthless, it is believed, save for its fish and furs. West of this line is a broad belt of country including all of Great Bear Lake and generally bounded on the west by the great chain of lakes extending from Great Slave Lake to Lake Winnipeg. This is the wooded belt of the Canadian North-West, containing much spruce, tamarack, and sub-arctic trees, a rocky and swampy area with some regions of good land.

Between this region and the Rocky Mountains is a great belt quite narrow in its northern part along the Middle Mackenzie but very broad at its southern limit, the northern branch of the Saskatchewan. This is an area of great plains with considerable timber, and a large extent of the country some day may be valuable for pasturage. Then south of the North Saskatchewan, extending from the Red River valley to the Rocky Mountains, is a land of prairie and plain, one of the finest wheat growing and grazing countries in the world. The general characteristics of most of British Columbia are those of the wooded belt above referred to, and here and there all over the country between the lakes and the Pacific have been found riches in the shape of petroleum, coal, and gold which have developed into or bid fair to become large sources of wealth.

It really is amusing to see the changes that Canada's surveyors and explorers have been making in the maps of twenty years ago. They have been finding new water-ways and changing the courses of the old ones. They have whittled off parts of that wonderful system of lakes and added other parts which once figured as dry land. Within the past three years, Dawson and others have made a running survey of over 100,000 square miles of territory along the head streams of the Yukon, hitherto a *terra incognita*, and Ogilvie's conclusion that the gold diggings on the Yukon are in Canadian instead of Alaskan territory was interesting reading and hastened the sending of an expedition which is now locating the 141st meridian, the international boundary line.

We cannot describe here the many notable explorations recently carried out by the Canadian Geological and Land Departments; their studies in the region between Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg, showing the useless-

ness of that country; their complete survey of the Fraser, Athabasca, and Churchill Rivers, the mapping of the Cariboo mining district, where much of the country is so rough that pack animals cannot enter it; the exploratory labours east of Hudson Bay; and other important enterprises; but all students of Canadian exploration are grateful for the invention of dry plates in photography, which have enabled the Government to embellish its geographical reports with striking and beautiful pictures from regions almost unknown. "No record of exploration," says a report of the Interior Department, "is now considered complete unless it is accompanied by illustrations." Canada is also using the camera in a very interesting way to facilitate her explorations in the Rocky Mountains.

The Government is mapping this tangle of lofty summits, and all Alpine clubs and devotees of mountain climbing have been greatly interested for three years past in the graphic reports of these surveyors. Their scrambles above the snow-line, clambering far up the slope of great moving glaciers, their toilsome progress as they cut their way through dense underbrush or crawl along the edge of dizzy precipices, their little mishaps, sometimes ludicrous, as when a pack-horse rolls hundreds of feet down the side of a canyon and is found wedged between two trees not at all hurt but painfully astonished, and above all, the splendid panoramas they see upon which no human eye ever rested before, and the order they evolve from this jumble of ranges, spurs and valleys, have made the Canadian survey of the Rocky Mountains, still in progress, one of the most interesting of recent geographical studies. Now the usual processes of topographical surveying are far too expensive in this difficult and for the most part uninhabitable region, where the aim of the survey is chiefly to perfect the map. Using triangulations, therefore, as the basis of the map, the surveyors work in the topographical features by means of photographs taken on mountain peaks. This process has been used for some years in the Alps at about one-tenth the cost of the ordinary methods of topographical surveying.

Nestled among the mountains are lovely lakes, some of them thirty or forty miles long, hot springs here and there, one of which already is famous for its medicinal properties, and water-falls tumbling down the mountains for hundreds of feet. The region of the Fraser River is of peculiar grandeur and beauty. Gazing from afar at a noble cone, now known as Lookout Mountain, the explorers saw a long, white streak down its rugged side. They found it was a magnificent cascade, its waters lashed to snowy whiteness, and dashing for three thousand feet down the steep slope.

These placid mountain lakes are full of trout, and the great hills that tower from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above them are mirrored in the waters. Mr. Peary, the American traveller on Greenland's inland ice, thinks there is no air in the world like that he breathed on that wonderful ice plain 7,500 feet above the sea; but draughts of Rocky Mountain oxygen lose none of their health-giving quality by adding the aroma of fir and hemlock. Deer and black bear are numerous, grouse abound, and goats and Rocky Mountain sheep clamber far up the mountain side. Tourists, hunters, and invalids are already making their way to this new resort for health and recreation; and among these picturesque lakes, romantic rivers, and grand mountains, a large district has been set apart for a National Park.

A force of men are constantly at work making roads and bridle paths to the numerous points of interest in Canada's big pleasure resort. The National Park is about 500 miles north-west of our own great Park. It is on the Canadian Pacific at the eastern edge of British Columbia, and though it never can rival our Yellowstone Park in natural wonders, it is destined to be one of the famous breathing spots of the continent. Bridle paths lead up the mountains from whose tops magnificent panoramas unfold. Picturesque bridges span the Bow and Spray Rivers, and from the Bow bridge one sees a noble river shooting past at twenty miles an hour before it plunges over the falls. Here is an interesting cave, and hot and

sulphur springs, whose waters are led by conduits to various sanitariums, and high up in the mountains is a natural basin full of tepid water where many a visitor takes a plunge ; and a few hours' steaming through the pass of the Rocky Mountains, lands the visitor among the wonders of the Selkirk range. He leaves the train at the very foot of one of the greatest glaciers in the Temperate zones.

Fancy a river of solid ice about 500 feet thick, stretching up the mountain for nine miles with a width of a mile to a mile and a half, moving down the slope in midsummer, over a foot a day, with immense moraines along the sides and front where quartzite blocks, weighing many tons, have been pushed ahead or swept aside, and you have a faint picture of the Great Glacier of the Selkirks. It is believed no Indian ever visited these mountains, and the Selkirks are still imperfectly explored, though we know many of the mountains are almost uniformly about 10,000 feet high, that above 7,000 feet the rugged peaks are clothed in perpetual snow, and that scores of glaciers push down the slopes to the forest region. It was an interesting discovery that our mountain climbers may find, at home, opportunities for adventure above the snow line, rivaling those of the Alps and the Caucasus. Our chief authority on the Selkirks is the explorer Green, the first to climb Mount Cook in the New Zealand Alps. He calls the Selkirk region, "one of the loveliest districts on our planet," though he had some tribulations there induced by a bucking mustang to whose back the scientific instruments unfortunately had been confided. In a paroxysm of bucking, the animal dashed the theodolite, the prismatic compass, and other instruments to the ground, and then adding insult to injury by rolling on the débris. When Mr. Green explained to the Royal Geographical Society of London why he could not return the costly instruments it had loaned him, he convulsed that learned body.

But notwithstanding Canada's activity in the field of explorations, the work has just begun. A recent report of the Geological Survey says that very little precise knowledge has yet been obtained of large districts even in Manitoba. The large colony of Icelanders who recently found new homes between Lakes Manitoba and Winnipeg settled in part upon still unsurveyed lands. As a rule, however, the land surveys have kept far in advance of settlement, and there has been a great decrease of field work since 1887, as the Government sees no reason for staking out the farming lands many years before pioneers will occupy them. Recently, land surveys have been far more actively pursued west than east of the Rocky Mountains until at last they cover the whole of the lands taken up by settlers in British Columbia.

Interesting discoveries as to the resources of this vast country have crowded fast upon one another. The world talked long of the rich new wheat lands of the Red River Valley and the Saskatchewan ; but it never seemed to occur to any one that the great plains farther west, to the Rockies, where millions of buffalo had roamed, were admirable grazing lands. That discovery was made later ; cattle raisers flocked into Alberta with their herds, and ranches are still multiplying. Then, as the surveyors pushed up along the east side of the Rocky Mountains, they were surprised to find that there seemed to be no limit to the northern extension of the arable and pasture lands, influences from the Pacific warming the winter air.

Then along and near the line of the Canadian Pacific as it approaches the mountains, rich coal fields, both bituminous and anthracite, were discovered. The Canadian North-West, though not well furnished with timber, doubtless could supply the whole continent with coal for centuries to come. In the regions of the Belly and Bow Rivers alone, it is estimated by the Geographical Survey that there are about 800,000,000 tons of good coal ; and farther north, at Edmonton, the citizens are supplied with the product of their own coal miners at a cost of less than three dollars a ton. Canadian anthracite has been sold in the California markets.

The discovery of large areas of petroleum basins was reported several

years ago in the Athabasca region. Comparatively little is known yet of the value of these finds or of the extent of Canada's coal supply. Prof. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, thinks the oil district comprises nearly 150,000 square miles. The whole world will be interested in the expedition headed by Pennsylvania experts, which the Dominion Government is now fitting out to explore the oil regions. Another scientific expedition which will start this year has the mission of studying the resources of the Great Mackenzie basin and suggesting the best means of preventing the extermination of fur animals.

The newer parts of Canada are a country of the future, for their resources have not yet been carefully studied, much less utilized. The hardy yeomanry who are planting civilization in these former wilds have suffered for several years from early frost and blighting drought. Far north, along the Northern Saskatchewan, many a farmer is freighting on the road and almost despairs of ever seeing the long promised railroad which was to bring his wheat fields within reach of the markets. But it takes years to lay even the foundations of so great a social edifice as the Canadian North-West is destined to become. The railroads will be built and plenty of them. Progress and growth are apparent everywhere. Already the colonies outside of Manitoba, weary of the régime of the mounted police and the Council at Regina, are petitioning the Parliament at Ottawa for separate Provincial Governments. Manitoba and Assiniboia have raised 13,000,000 bushels of wheat in a year, and on the plains of Alberta, which no white man save a few hunters had seen twenty years ago, 150,000 cattle are grazing. There can be no doubt of the bright future of a country whose resources are so ample, whose climate invigorates both mind and body, and whose enlightened people are so ambitious to achieve success.—*Chautauquan.*

THE CALIPHATE.*

The history of the Caliphate recalls to our imagination the bazaars of Cairo, Damascus and Bagdad, and the legendary story of good Haroun al Raschid. It is a strange blending of romance and realism, of the picturesque and the tragic. One of the strangest phenomena in history is the rapid spread of that gloomy fanaticism which in a single century extended from Bokhara to Cordova, from the Indus to the Loire. Its fierce and fiery energy swept away the corrupt Christianity of the East, save some lingering remnants in the secluded Nestorian valleys, in the Armenian monasteries, and among the mountains of Abyssinia. The schools of Alexandria were scattered, its library destroyed, its glory extinguished.

But before the early flush and vigour of conquest passed away, the Saracens applied their eager energies to the cultivation of learning. It is their greatest glory that they conquered the domains of science as rapidly as they overran the territories of the earth. They soon became heirs of the learning of Alexandria. They eagerly adopted the philosophic method of Aristotle. They swept the monasteries of the Levant and the Ægean for the writings of the Grecian sages. From the Arabic translations of these, much of the literature and science of Europe is derived. An intense national life and preternatural vigour was developed. Their active commerce from Alexandria and Cyprus civilized the maritime states of Europe.

**The Caliphate, its Rise, Decline, and Fall; From Original Sources.* By Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D. (Bologna). Author of "The Life of Mahomet," "Mahomet and Islam," etc. Second edition. Revised, with maps. The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, 65 St. Paul's Churchyard and 164 Piccadilly, London. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $3.65.

But the rapid expansion of the Caliphate exhausted the native population and led to political divisions. Hence its glory was but transient. It contained the germs of its own dissolution, and those soon began to develop. It was like some gorgeous flower which rapidly expands, soon ripens, and as swiftly withers away; or like the fair and fragile maidens of the East, who reach a splendid though precocious maturity, but soon fade.

It is the story of this rise, decline and fall that Sir William Muir, one of the greatest living authorities on the subject, has undertaken in this goodly volume to tell. His previous works on "The Annals of the Early Caliphate," and his exhaustive "Life of Mahomet," demonstrated his conspicuous ability for continuing the story down to the fall of the Caliphate. The story has a two-fold interest to all English-speaking people. For many hundreds of years Moslemism was one of the dominant forces of the world. In the Litany of many of the Churches of Christendom was inscribed the prayer, "From the fury of the Turks, O Lord, deliver us." In the office for Good Friday, in the Church of England, is a special petition for the conversion of the Turks as well as of Jews, heretics, and infidels. This baneful superstition has extinguished the light of Christianity in many lands where it once shone. Two hundred million followers of the false prophet still maintain the doctrines and practices of Islam. The largest university in the world is the great Mahometan university of Cairo, where 14,000 students are trained to become missionaries of the religion of the crescent. Of special interest to British people is the subject of this volume, because Queen Victoria reigns over a larger Moslem population than any other sovereign in the world.

A blight like the breath of the simoom seems to follow the government of the Turk. Great cities, once renowned as marts of trade throughout the world, now are a solitude. Where was once the highway of the nations, the tinkling bell of the armed and wandering caravan is now the only indication of life midst this universal death.

For the intelligent study of the rise and fall of the Caliphate, Sir William Muir's book is indispensable. His conclusions seem to us of judicial fairness and candour. He notes the immobile and stationary character of Islam. "Swathed in the bands of the Koran," he says, "the Moslem faith, unlike the Christian, is powerless to adapt itself to varying time and place, keep pace with the march of humanity, direct and purify the social life, or elevate mankind. Freedom, in the proper sense of the word, is unknown, and this, apparently, because in the body politic the spiritual and the secular are hopelessly confounded."

"Nor," he adds, "has there been any change in the condition of social life. Polygamy and servile concubinage are still the curse and blight of Islam. Hardly less evil is the one-sided power of divorce—at the mere word and will of the husband. Hanging over every household, like the sword of Damocles, it must affect the tone of society at large; for, even if seldom put in force, it cannot fail, as a potential influence, to weaken the marriage bond and lower the dignity and self-respect of woman."

The absence of intemperance, he admits, is a spectacle in Moslem lands to be commended. While Islam may make some progress among the barbarous tribes of Central Africa, and probably by substituting the worship of one god for the idolatry and fetish worship of the pagan tribes, it may prove a preparation for a purer and more spiritual religion, yet it is itself doomed to decay and pass away. It lacks the great moral antiseptic which is found alone in the religion of the Cross.

Folks never understand the folks they hate.

STRIKES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

*A REPORT FROM THE ANTIPODES ON CONCILIATION AND ARBITRATION.**

THERE has come to us from Australia a public document which at any time would command attention by reason of its very great intrinsic interest and merit, but which possesses an extraordinary interest at the present moment in view of certain acute phases of the labour question that are agitating the public mind in the United States. The "Report of the Royal Commission on Strikes," published by the Government of New South Wales, is issued in the form of a huge volume of a thousand pages of about the same dimensions as the "Century Dictionary." So compendious is this canvas-bound tome that it seems to us a veritable library of information upon the world's experience in industrial disputes and attempts to remedy them.

The great strike in 1890 in New South Wales compelled the notice of the entire world. Sheep raising being a principal industry in that portion of Australia, the strike of the Shearers' Union, on account of the introduction of non-union men, led to strikes of union men engaged in transportation industries, who refused to handle the wool shorn by non-union workers. The proportions of the strike grew until the coal miners of the colony were involved, and until almost every kind of productive pursuit was brought into the controversy. Trade unions were highly organized, and were represented by a Trades and Labour Council having headquarters at Sydney, and holding together the associations of different trades in a strong and effective federation. Employers, on the other hand, were bound together in an association which included the representatives of almost the entire mass of capital engaged in productive industries in the great colony of New South Wales. The struggle between these two powerful and determined bodies—the one representing almost the totality of the capital engaged in production and concerned with the employment of labour, and the other representing almost the entire body of men both skilled and unskilled who worked for wages in other than merely domestic relations—was well-nigh as disastrous and paralyzing as a state of civil war.

A COMMISSION ON STRIKES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

The injury wrought against the peace and prosperity of the colony was so serious that the Government found it expedient to appoint a Commission to investigate the entire subject of strikes and their remedies, for the purpose of making a report with recommendation of measures to be pursued by the Parliament of New South Wales. The commissioners were instructed "to investigate and report upon the causes of conflicts between capital and labour known as 'strikes,' and the best means of preventing or mitigating the disastrous consequences of such occurrences; to consider from an economic point of examination the measures that have been devised in other countries by the constitution of boards of conciliation or other similar bodies to obviate extreme steps in trade disputes, and to consider and report upon the whole subject."

A UNANIMOUS CONCLUSION REACHED.

When one remembers the extreme agitation out of which grew the appointment of this Commission, and that in its membership both sides of the controversy were fully represented, the conclusions of the report are entitled to the highest consideration in view of the significant fact that each one of its thirty-three paragraphs was, after full and careful debate, adopted with absolute una-

* We abridge this important and timely article from the September number of the *Review of Reviews.*

nimity by the seventeen members. The report was drawn up in no merely local and temporizing spirit. It deals with the great struggle between capital and labour in a spirit broad enough to make the following conclusions everywhere applicable.

CONCILIATION THE GREAT REMEDY.

"No better method of dispersing the mists that surround a controversy of the sort under our consideration can be found than a friendly conference. A very large experience has shown that the difficulty is often cleared up in this way, and reduced to such dimensions as admit of a fairly satisfactory settlement. It is this experience which leads to the conclusion that the very first thing to be done in order to permit of the settlement of a labour dispute is to try the effect of conciliation.

"And in using this term 'conciliation' for the first time in this report, it is convenient to remark here that the terms conciliation and arbitration are often employed somewhat vaguely as if they were interchangeable, and yet they really represent two distinct things. The function of any conciliation agency is to get the parties to a dispute to come to a common agreement voluntarily, without any opinion being pronounced on the merits or any instructions given. The function of arbitration is distinctly to determine the merits and to give a positive decision to be abided by. If the declaration of such a decision can be avoided it is well that it should be, because decisions are generally more or less adverse to both parties, for even splitting the difference is an equal censure upon both. But conciliation, if it is a success, allows of a friendly settlement on a mutual agreement, and leaves no opening for discrediting the understanding or the impartiality of the arbitrators."

THERE SHOULD BE A STATE BOARD.

"The great weight of the testimony is distinctively to the effect that the existence of a State Board of Conciliation would have a wholesome and moderating effect. Such an institution, clothed with the authority of the State, would stand before the public as a mediatory influence always and immediately available, and public opinion would be adverse to those who, except for very good cause shown, refused to avail themselves of its good offices."

ARBITRATION WHEN CONCILIATION FAILS.

"When conciliation has failed, then is the time for arbitration to begin. . . . In the immense majority of cases, both in France and England, the decisions given have been reasonably equitable. It is a demonstrated fact that decisions can be given as to industrial disputes which practically solve the immediate difficulty."

A SINGLE BOARD FOR BOTH FUNCTIONS.

The commissioners came to the conclusion that there should be only one board, "but that board should be empowered in some form to discharge, as occasion may require, the double duty of conciliation and arbitration. That is to say, that its first effort should be toward bringing about a voluntary agreement between the parties, and failing that, that the board or the permanent part of it, should discharge the duty of adjudication and pronounce a decision.

"Private conferences—private efforts at conciliation—may fittingly take place in any or every trade, but the advantage of a State board is that it is there, always in existence, to deal with any case that has proved too obstinate for private settlement."

ARBITRATION COMPULSORY UPON THE DEMAND OF ONE PARTY.

"No quarrel should be allowed to fester if either party were willing to accept a settlement by the State Tribunal. Industrial quarrels cannot continue without the risk of their growing to dangerous dimensions, and the State has a right in the public interest to call upon all who are protected by the laws to conform to any provision the law may establish for settling quarrels dangerous to the public peace."

SHOULD THERE BE COMPULSION AS TO THE AWARD?

"It has been said that if an arbitration court cannot compel obedience to its decisions it will be useless. The answer to this is that experience is, though not wholly, almost wholly the other way. In England, though arbitrations have been very numerous, the cases are very few in which the decisions have not been loyally accepted. The reason of this is that the decisions have been reasonably fair, and both parties to the suit have felt that it was better to acquiesce in a decision with which they were not wholly contented than to prolong the strife. Public opinion, too, which counts for a great deal in matters of this kind, is always in favour of acquiescing in a decision given after a fair hearing. It may be added that the absence of external compulsion does not prevent the parties from putting compulsion on themselves. All who want compulsion can have it. They can agree to a bond before going to arbitration that would give the right to sue a defaulter."

The best experience of all industrial countries points to a combined arrangement, for conciliation in the first instance and arbitration as a final resort, as the best available means for the removal of those unhappy disputes which otherwise endanger the peace and order as well as the general prosperity of great communities.

A HALF CENTURY OF CONFLICT.*

With these volumes Mr. Parkman brings his noble series of works on the history of Canada to a close. They have employed his time for a period of five and forty years, and are his truest monument. The present volumes do not possess the dramatic unity and interest of some of the earlier ones, but they have all the old-time charm of the accomplished writer. For carefulness of research, for honest candour of statement, for picturesque grouping and vivid delineation, no historic writer in the English language surpasses Francis Parkman.

The principal incidents in these volumes centre about the founding of Detroit, the heroic defence of New England against French and English invasion, the capture of Louisburg, the exploration of the great West, and the border conflicts in Acadia. The New England colonies had to bear the brunt of the border warfare. A reign of terror, desolation and death prevailed along the whole frontier. Every house was a fortress. No man might go abroad in safety. Even little children gathering flowers, or women going to the well or cooking the meal by their own hearthstone, were startled by the gleam of a knife, and were slain on the spot, or were dragged off to a doom far worse than death. On one and the same day the ferocious Abenaquis burst upon every hamlet and lonely farmstead from the Kennebec to the Piscataqua, sparing neither hoary age nor childing mother nor tender infancy.

In mid-winter of 1703-04 Hertel de Rouville, with two hundred French and two hundred and fifty Indians marched two hundred miles on snow-shoes to the little town of Deerfield, in Massachusetts. They laid it in ashes, and of its inhabitants forty-seven bedabbled with their blood the snow, and one hundred and twelve were dragged with inhuman torture through the wintry woods to Canada. On Sunday they made a halt, and Pastor Williams was permitted to preach a sermon

* *A Half Century of Conflict.* 2 vols., 8vo, pp. viii.-333, viii.-395. By Francis Parkman. Author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," "The Old Regime in Canada," "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XVI.," and "Montcalm and Wolfe" (2 vols.), "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" (2 vols). Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $5.00.

from the text, "Hear, all people, and behold my sorrow; my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity." His wife, Eunice Williams, nerved her soul for suffering by reading her Bible. She soon faltered by the way, and committed her five captive children to heaven, when the blow of a tomahawk ended her life. Neither bribes nor threats could make the veteran missionary waver in his faith. "If I had the offer of the whole world," said the sturdy Puritan, "it would tempt me no more than a blackberry."

A child of pastor Williams was adopted by the Caughnawaga Indians, and became a proselyte to the Catholic faith. No money could procure her ransom. She married an Indian chief, and years after, clad in Indian dress, she visited her kin at Deerfield; but not the fasting nor the prayers of her people could win her back to the faith of her fathers. She returned to her wigwam in the forest, and to the care of her dusky babes. One of her grandsons became a proselyte, and for a time a missionary to the Indians. At a later period he was supposed by many to be the lost Dauphin, son of Louis XVI.

The descendants of another of these Deerfield captives adopted by the French, in 1866 numbered 982 persons.

Parkman, who has very thoroughly studied the subject of Indian missions, while giving due praise to the zeal and missionary enthusiasm of the Jesuit fathers, nevertheless records that the Christianity which they planted did not strike a deep root. "While humanity," he adds, "is in a savage state, it can only be Christianized on the surface; and the convert of the Jesuits remained a savage still. They taught him to repeat a catechism which he could not understand, and practise rites of which the spiritual significance was incomprehensible to him. To his eyes the crucifix was a fetich of surpassing power, and the mass a beneficent 'medicine' or occult influence of supreme efficacy."

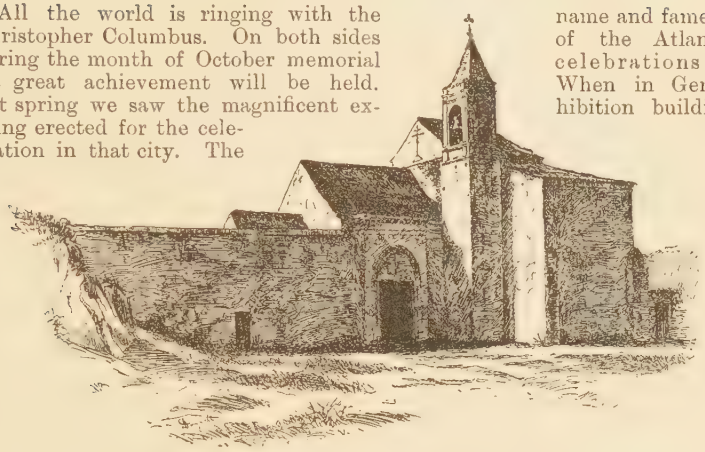
The footprints of civilization were marked with blood. Merciless butchery ravaged the frontier, unrelieved except for brave men dying for the defence of their hearthstones, and weak women avenging the murder of their babes, or with unwearying mother-love escaping with their orphaned children through the trackless wilderness. "I hold it my duty towards God and man," remonstrated honest Peter Schuyler, of Albany, to the French governor, "to prevent, if possible, these barbarous and heathen cruelties. My heart swells with indignation when I behold a war between Christian princes degenerating into a savage and boundless butchery."

The most dramatic episode recorded in these volumes is the capture of Louisburg, 1745. George Whitfield, then preaching in New England, was asked to furnish a motto for the colonial colours, and gave the inscription "*Nil desperandum, Christo Duce.*" Colonel Pepperell, a merchant and militia colonel, with four thousand colonial militia, set out to attack the strongest fortress in America, said to be one of the strongest fortresses in the world. It was surrounded by a wall forty feet thick, and by a ditch eighty feet wide, mounting nearly two hundred guns, while the assailants only had eighteen of much smaller calibre and three mortars. After six weeks' siege, to the amazement of the besiegers themselves, the French Garrison surrendered. As the New England militia marched into the works they exclaimed, "God alone has delivered this stronghold into our hand," and a sermon of thanksgiving was preached in the French chapel. The capture caused the wildest delight in Boston and the deepest chagrin at Versailles.

But for the recital of these and other brilliant exploits our readers must consult these volumes for themselves. Parkman's entire series of twelve volumes should be in the hands of every reader who would trace that great duel for the possession of this continent between the English and the French. We have in large part consulted the same authorities as Parkman, and can bear testimony to the thoroughness of research and fidelity and accuracy of the recital.

THE COLUMBUS ANNIVERSARY.

All the world is ringing with the name and fame of Christopher Columbus. On both sides of the Atlantic during the month of October memorial celebrations of his great achievement will be held. When in Genoa last spring we saw the magnificent exhibition building being erected for the celebration in that city. The



THE CONVENT CHURCH OF LA RABIDA, PALOS.

first object which greets the beholder at the railway station at Genoa, is the magnificent Columbus monument therewith annexed. In the little town of Cogoleto, we saw the house in which the great discoverer was born, bearing the inscription, "Traveller, pause! Here Columbus first saw the light. For the greatest man in the world how small a house was this! There had been only one world. 'There are two,' he said; and it was so."

On the anniversary of the day on which Columbus sailed from the port of Palos in his wonderful quest for the New World, again a caravel, an exact copy of that in which he voyaged, sailed forth from the little harbour accompanied by ships representing the chief maritime powers of the world. Again the crew went to morning mass to the little church where Columbus and his companions devoutly received the sacrament before setting forth on their perilous voyage.

It is especially befitting that on this continent, which he revealed to the wondering eyes of the Old World, the chief celebration should take place. This begins on October 12th, in the city of New York, in a magnificent marine pageant. It will be resumed at Chicago on the 21st of October, which is really, allowing for the difference between the Gregorian and the present calendar, the precise date of his discovery of the New World. We are glad that the Minister of Education of Ontario has instructed that a school celebration of this great event shall be held wherever practicable in every school house in the province. We presume in the other provinces of the Dominion, and in almost every hamlet of the neighbouring Republic, similar celebrations will take place. We have endeavoured to contribute our quota to this celebration by preparing a special Columbus number of our young people's periodical, *Onward*, filled with special Columbus articles, pictures and poems, which will enable the young folk of our households more intelligently to take part in this world-wide celebration of one of the great events in the history of the human race.

Columbus was one of the world's greatest men. Men have attempted to belittle his achievement, to show that he stumbled on his discovery by accident, that if he had not found the New World others would. It is easy to make the egg stand on its end when Columbus shows us how. It

was a lofty faith that grasped the unseen, and, despite poverty and discouragement, the apathy of courts and kings, conquered all opposition, aroused the sympathy of good Queen

THE CARAVEL OF COLUMBUS.

Isabella, and secured the co-operation of her lethargic spouse. It was an audacious spirit that launched forth in the vast deep and held on in his perilous way, week after week, despite the mutinous complaints and almost open revolts of his disheartened seamen. Efforts are made to depose the august figure of Columbus from the pedestal on which he has been enthroned over four hundred years. It is asserted that he was by no means so heroic as he looms up through the mists of centuries. We do not care to go mousing for faults in this great man's character, to go peeping and peering for spots on the sun of his fame. Rather would we reverently, like the two sons of Noah, walk backward and cover with a mantle of charity the faults and failings of this great man, than in the spirit of Canaan make a mock of his sin. If he had faults, they were those of his age. His virtues, and they were many, were more conspicuous than his faults. He may not be a subject for canonization among the saints, but he must certainly be inscribed forever in the bead roll of immortal souls who have conferred undying benefit upon mankind. He may have connived at the enslavement of the denizens of the New World, but at a later date, and with less excuse, we hear that the Protestant hero, Sir John Hawkins, abetted by the Protestant merchants of Bristol, encouraged the still deeper atrocity of the African slave trade.

Columbus was in the main a devout man, and seems to have desired the glory of God and the Christianization of the pagan tribes of the New World. If he had faults, and who has not, grievously did he answer for them. Ingratitude, imprisonment, exile—these were his doom.

ANCHOR OF COLUMBUS FOUND OFF NAVIDA.

But his fame shall never fade; but in ever-widening waves in the sea of time the results of his great discovery shall roll down the ages to earth's latest days.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seeds that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to the ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

—*Bonar.*

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.*

THE four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America furnishes a very opportune time for a new study of the great actors in that world-drama. The classical lives of Columbus and his successors by Irving and Prescott, need revision and re-statement of the facts. The publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. presents two of these re-statements, one, Dr. Justin Windsor's new "Life of Columbus," just issued from the press, and the other, Professor Fiske's more comprehensive study of "The Discovery of America." Professor Fiske's book is a thoroughly satisfactory treatment of the whole subject. He gives a preliminary chapter on ancient America, showing the development of social institutions, which, among the Zuni, the Mexicans and the Aztecs, had reached a very considerable degree of development. We think that Mr. Southall, our own Sir William J. Dawson and the late Sir Daniel Wilson have shown that so much time as Professor Fiske demands for this progress is not necessary, and is indeed contra-indicated by the facts.

A feature of special importance in this admirable book is a series of maps showing the growth of knowledge concerning the new world from time to time. Many of these are fac-simile reproductions of very rare contemporary charts. They show how slowly dawned upon the mind of Europe the fact that America was really a new continent, and not merely the eastern shore of Asia.

PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERIES.

The pre-Columbian discoveries of America are also very fully treated. The discovery of Greenland by the Norsemen is by no means strange inasmuch as Iceland is nearer to Greenland than to Norway. Certain it is that for four hundred years there was a Norse colony in Greenland, at one time exceeding 6,000 persons with herds of cattle. The remains of Norse churches and farmsteads are still to be seen; of one of these Professor Fiske gives an excellent picture. When the great Moravian missionary, Hans Egede, visited Greenland in 1721, he found the ruins of old Norse villages, the population of which had perished. The failure of the Norsemen to plant a colony on the mainland of North America is not remarkable, for even after the time of Columbus, says our author, "the founding of colonies in America was no pastime; it was a tale of drudgery, starvation, and bloodshed, that curdles one's blood to read; more attempts failed than succeeded."

In an admirable chapter entitled "Europe and Cathay," our author shows the strange superstitions concerning the farthest East, the interest awakened by the travels of Marco Polo and other adventurers, and the Oriental trade which made Constantinople in the twelfth century the seat of the highest civilization on the globe. In the search for the Indies, unknown terrors awed men's souls. "Gorgons and hydras and chimæras dire" peopled the waste places of the earth. The anthropophagi or "men who do each other eat," the fiery zone which belted the south, and the icy regions of the far north were felt to be impassable obstacles to exploration. As ships dipped neath the horizon, they were seen apparently to go down hill, and if they went too far it was thought they never would come back. The ships of the time were exceedingly clumsy and unmanageable, and for lack of metal sheathing were apt to be sunk by the terrible boring worm. The astrolabes, "jackstaffs," and rude compasses of the times were very imperfect instruments, and with the absence of good chronometers, made skilful navigation almost impossible.

But slowly, after many attempts, the Cape of Good Hope was rounded six years before Columbus sailed across the "Sea of Darkness" that bound

* *The Discovery of America with some Account of Ancient America and the Spanish Conquest.* By JOHN FISKE. In two volumes, crown 8vo, pp. xxxvi.–516, xxxi.–631. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $5.00.

the western hemisphere. Columbus was not the first to conceive of a western way around the world. "These ideas," says Professor Fiske, "were in the air. What Columbus did was not to originate them but to incarnate them in facts and breathe into them the breath of life." From the time of Aristotle, the theory had been entertained, it was Columbus that realized it as a fact. It was he who made the egg to stand on end.

Story of Columbus.

The stirring story of this great navigator is told with picturesque vividness. We are shown the stately figure passing along the streets of Seville and Cordova, "his white hair streaming in the breeze, his countenance aglow with intensity of purpose, or haggard with disappointment at some fresh rebuff, the ragged urchins of the pavement tapping their foreheads and smiling with mingled wonder and amusement at this madman." The oft told tale finds a new beauty in the graphic record by this new biographer.

To furnish recruits for his voyage, criminals were released from jail, and among the ninety persons who formed the crew of his three caravels, were some precious unhanged ruffians. It was a thrilling moment, when, straining his eyes through the dark, the admiral saw the light of the distant shore, and the gun-shot of the *Pinta* at daybreak next morning chronicled the opening of a new act in the drama of time. "Yet," says Professor Fiske, "the grandeur of the achievement was quite beyond the ken of the generation that witnessed it, for we have since come to learn that in 1492 the contact between the eastern and western halves of our planet was first really begun, and the two streams of human life which had flowed on for countless ages apart, were thenceforth to mingle together. The first voyage of Columbus is thus a unique event in the history of mankind. Nothing like it was ever done before, and nothing like it can ever be done again. No worlds are left for a future Columbus to conquer. The era of which this great Italian mariner was the first illustrious representative, has closed forever."

It is said that Columbus was avaricious and ambitious. If it were so, it was a noble ambition and an unselfish avarice. Before and again after the great discovery, he vowed to heaven to equip at his own expense a crusading army of 50,000 foot and 4,000 horse to rescue the holy sepulchre from the control of the infidel, and that five years thereafter he would follow the first army with a second of like dimensions. Enthusiastic and visionary as he perhaps was, this fact relieves him from the charge of vulgar, personal ambition and sordid avarice.

Like some strange Iliad of disaster, reads the story of the finding of these strange coasts. Of the colony of forty left at La Navidad, not one was living when Columbus returned in 1493. The treatment of the admiral by his ungrateful country is one of the saddest in history. Says Professor Fiske: "The sight of the admiral's stately and venerable figure in chains, as he passed through the streets of Cadiz, on a December day of that year 1500, awakened a popular outburst of sympathy for him and indignation at his persecutors. The scene in the Alhambra, when Columbus arrived, is one of the most touching in history. Isabella received him with tears in her eyes, and then this much-enduring old man, whose proud spirit had so long been proof against all wrongs and insults, broke down. He threw himself at the feet of the sovereigns in an agony of tears and sobs."

The last eighteen months of the admiral's life were spent in sickness and poverty. Accumulated hardship and disappointment had broken him down, and he died on Ascension Day, May 20th, 1506, at Valladolid. So little heed was taken of his passing away, that the local annals of that city, "which give almost every insignificant event, from 1333 to 1539, day by day, do not mention it."

Post-Columbian Exploration.

In the second volume, Professor Fiske treats the successive stages by which the discoveries of Columbus became, in the conception of mankind, separated from the Old World, and realized as indeed a New World.

He traces the career of the sturdy Bristol explorers, the Cabots; and the explorations of Americus Vespucius, who had the good fortune to give his name to the whole continent. He defends Vespucius from the charge of supplanting Columbus. The name "America," was first given only to the region subsequently known as Venezuela or "little Venice," but afterwards spread to its present comprehensiveness. The series of quaint old maps by which this and other developments of exploration are illustrated, is very interesting.

An exploit surpassing in arduousness though not in originality that of Columbus himself, was Magellan's voyage round the globe. It was a heroic achievement. With a high hand Magellan had to suppress formidable mutiny, to endure incredible hardships, wintering in extreme southern latitudes and then to sail for 5,000 miles across the unknown and vast Pacific, to the familiar islands of the eastern seas. "Their sufferings may be best told," says Professor Fiske, "in the quaint and touching words in which Shakespeare read them: 'And hauynge in this tyme consumed all theyr bysket and other vyttayles, they fell into such necessitie that they were inforced to eate the pouder that remayned therof beinge now full of woormes. . . . Theyre freshe water was also putrifyed and become yellow. They dyd eate skynnes and pieces of lether which were foulded abowt certeyne great ropes of the shyps. But these skynnes being made very harde by reason of the soone, rayne, and wynde, they hunge them by a corde in the sea, for the space of foure or five dayse to mollifie them, and soddle them, and eate them. By reason of this famin and vnclene feedynge, summe of theyr gummes grewe so ouer theyr teethe (a symptom of scurvey), that they dyed miserably for hunger. And by this occasion dyed xix men, and. . . besyde these that dyed, xxv or xxx were so sicke that they were not able to doo any seruice with theyr handes or arms for feeblenesse. So that was in maner none without sum disease. In three monethes and xx dayse, they sayled foure thousande leagues in one goulfe by the sayde sea, cauled Pacificum (that is peaceable), whiche may well bee so cauled forasmuch as in all this tyme hauyng no syght of ant lande, they had no misfortune of wynde or ant other tempest. . . So that in fine, if God of His mercy had not gyuen them good wether, it was necessary that in this soo great a sea they should all haue dyed for hunger. Whiche, neuertheless, they escaped soo hardely, that it may bee doubted whether euer the like viage may be attempted with so goode successe.'"

Magellan himself was killed in the Phillipines, but he has left his name forever emblazoned in the starry heavens and in the configuration of the earth—in the "Magellanic Clouds" and in the straits that bear his name. Of his crews of two hundred and eighty men, only eighteen gaunt and haggard survivors sailed in the *Guadalquiver* to tell the story of the first circumnavigation of the globe. Not till sixty years later was the same feat again accomplished by the gallant English sailor, Sir Francis Drake.

In a picturesque and rapid sketch, our author gives an account of the marvellous conquest of Mexico, where less than 500 Spaniards captured the capital of an empire. "It may well be called," says our author, "the most romantic moment in all history. It was like stepping across the centuries to visit the Nineveh of Sennacherib, or hundred-gated Thebes." The religion of the Montezumas was a strange blending of garlands of flowers and bloody human sacrifices.

Even more dramatic, was the conquest of Peru by a handful of Spanish soldiers. The gallant Balboa, with Herculean toil dragged his four ships, which were the first keels to plow the great Pacific, across the isthmus. It was not his lot to conquer Peru, but that of a darker, sterner spirit, the cruel Pizzaro. Yet we must not deny high recognition to the reckless audacity with which one of the Pizzaro brothers crossed the Andes and sailed down the Amazon four thousand miles to its mouth, a most astounding exploit in the navigation of a very dangerous river.

Slavery and Las Casas.

In the trail of the bloody conquest of the Spaniards, followed the deep and damning guilt of human slavery. "Indians were slaughtered by the hundred, burned alive, impaled on sharp stakes, torn to pieces by blood-hounds. Little children were flung into the water to drown, with less concern than if they had been puppies. It was cheaper to work an Indian to death than to get another to take care of him." These atrocities awoke the indignation of the pious Las Casas, who organized the first anti-slavery crusade in the history of mankind. In the long struggle to end this sin against God and crime against man, he crossed the Atlantic fourteen times. His last act in his ninety-second year, was to secure a royal decree promoting the welfare of the natives of Guatemala.

"In contemplating such a life as that of Las Casas," says our author, "all the words of eulogy seem weak and frivolous. The historian can only bow in reverent awe before a figure, which is, in some respects, the most beautiful and sublime in the annals of Christianity since the apostolic age. When now and then in the course of the centuries, God's providence brings such a life into this world, the memory of it must be cherished by mankind as one of its most precious and sacred possessions. For the thoughts, the words, the deeds of such a man, there is no death. The sphere of their influence goes on widening forever. They bud, they blossom, they bear fruit from age to age."

A strange Nemesis seems to have followed the cruel agents of Spanish tyranny, for almost all of them died an untimely and bloody death.

In a closing chapter, our author treats briefly the work of two centuries in exploring this new world. The sketches of Gomez, Cartier and Roberval, Ribaut and the Hugenots in Florida, Menendez the last of the crusaders, of that gallant hero Champlain, of Marquette, Jolliette, Father Hennepin, La Verendryre, Lewis and Clark, Davis and Hudson, Baffin and Behring, are of surpassing interest.

In some striking paragraphs Professor Fiske shows the effects of the dark superstition of Spain, the expulsion of the Moriscoes and the persecution of the Inquisition, in the deterioration of national character.

"When we contrast the elastic buoyancy of spirit in Shakespeare's England, with the gloom and heaviness that were then creeping over Spain, we find nothing strange in the fact that the most popular and powerful nations of the New World speak English and not Spanish. It was the people of Great Britain, that, with flexible and self-reliant intelligence, came to be foremost in devising methods adapted to the growth of an industrial civilization, leaving the middle ages far behind. Wherever, in any of the regions open to colonization, this race has come into competition with other European races, it has either vanquished or absorbed them, always proving its superior capacity. Sometimes the contest has assumed the form of strife between a civilization based upon wholesome private enterprise, and a civilization based upon government patronage. Such was the form of the seven years' conflict that came to a final decision upon the Plains of Abraham, and not the least interesting circumstance connected with the discovery of this broad continent, is the fact that the struggle for the possession of it, has revealed the superior vitality of institutions and methods that first came to maturity in England, and now seem destined to shape the future of the world."

Important appendices and an admirable index increase greatly the value of these volumes. The graceful style, the apt illustrations, the fine scholarship of Professor Fiske, add to the solid character of his book a fascinating literary charm. His account of the copious bibliography of early discovery is very full of interest.

Current Topics and Events.

Clerical Stipends.

Archdeacon Farrar, in the *Review of the Churches*, makes an urgent appeal for the better support of the clergy of the Established Church. Notwithstanding its vast endowments of glebe and tithe funds, 400 of the clergymen, he says, receive less than £50 a year, 3,500 less than £100, 7,000 receive less than £130. "Our system of patronage," he says, "is the most haphazard in the world. If a man has no private interest, his promotion becomes the merest chance."

We believe it would be of the greatest advantage to the Established Church if it were both disestablished and disendowed. If the Church were thrown upon the sympathy and voluntary support of its adherents, they would rally to its aid, and give a more generous and liberal maintainence than is now wrung by process of law from reluctant parishioners. Nothing so cuts the nerve of liberality as to feel that givings are compulsory instead of voluntary.

Another great fault of the Established Church is the inequality of income. Some livings with light duties carry with them very large incomes, while hundreds of town and city parishes have the most meagre resources. Our Methodist itinerant system does much to secure more equitable distribution and regular promotion of the labourers in the vineyard, and thus gives greater equality of income. The English Wesleyan Conference has been discussing the extension of the itinerant term to meet the exigencies found in the great towns and cities; but it will not, we venture to say, disturb the principle of the itinerancy, which has contributed so much to the success of Methodism.

Open the Doors.

It is somewhat amusing to note the conservatism of the Wesleyan Conference in England as to the admission of the public to the Conference sessions. This year, for the first time, representatives of the press have been admitted, and we expect as a result that the important proceedings of the Conference will attract much more public attention than they have heretofore done. Now that reporters are admitted, it is felt that the general public cannot be altogether excluded, and a committee has been appointed to devise a plan whereby the invasion of the gallery may be kept within due limits. As a favour the Rev. Dr. Ridgeway, of the United States, was admitted to the gallery, and as a special favour his wife also, because, as it was pathetically remarked, "she was a stranger, and had no place else to go."

In a short time, we predict, our English friends will welcome the public, ladies as well as gentlemen, most cordially to the Conference meetings. It was feared the speakers would talk to the galleries instead of to the house. It strikes us that the speakers will address their arguments to the persons whose votes they wish to gain. We have never heard of any disadvantages in our Canadian Conferences from the presence of the hosts and hostesses of the Conference, and regard it as a great advantage that they take an interest in the *personnel* of the Conference and in the debates on Church topics.

The Death of John Greenleaf Whittier.

Throughout the English-speaking world, wherever men love liberty and hate oppression, wherever they revere high thought and honest worth, there will be unfeigned sorrow for the death of the good gray-haired poet whom God has taken to

himself. While not possessing the fine artistic sense of Tennyson or Longfellow, he surpassed them both in moral earnestness of spirit, in arousing moral indignation at wrong and in calling forth deepest sympathy for the wronged. His anti-slavery poems did much to hasten the overthrow of that "sum of all villainies," American slavery. Rude might be the rhythm, but an indignant heart-beat throbbed in every line. Like one of his own New England mountain streamlets, his songs leaped into life from the stern rock of his granite nature. His Quaker austerity, like an upland meadow, blossomed into beauty in the songs which sprung like buttercups and daisies in the wayside path of daily life. The Inner Light illumined his soul as he sat, like Elijah, in the silence, listening to the still, small voice of God in his soul. In the next number of the MAGAZINE we shall devote a special article to the genius of the poet Whittier, and shall present a thoughtful study of his poems by his sincere friend and admirer, the late President Nelles, of Victoria University.

NEED OF CONSOLIDATION.

The last census of the United States enumerates some 150 different religious denominations in that country. In this diversity the Methodists have over twenty. Mr. Porter, the census commissioner, makes in this connection the following remarks: "The census returns point out the necessity of concentrating the religious forces of the country. They show the need of fewer branch associations and greater unity. You can no more carry on God's business in a slipshod, unsystematic manner than you can conduct a large railroad company or Government bureau or department successfully, with all sorts of petty divisions and branches, each setting up feeble machinery of its own instead of falling in line and marching in step with the grand procession."

It is cause for congratulation that the Methodists in Canada have set such a good example for the whole world as to the practicability of union and its blessed results.

EXTENSION OF BUSINESS.

With his characteristic enterprise and energy the indefatigable Book Steward of our Toronto house, during his recent visit to Great Britain, was enabled to make arrangements whereby in connection with one other house, the old and reputable Copp, Clark Company, he becomes the Canadian representative of one of the greatest and best known publishing houses in the world, the London Religious Tract Society. The imprint of this house on any work is a guarantee of the unimpeachable religious character of the book, and of the high-class standard of mechanical and artistic excellence with which it is produced. We think no house in the world has contributed more to the popularization of wholesome religious literature. Not only has it issued countless volumes for the million, it has also a catalogue of high-class standard works for the scholar, the critic, and the cultured reader, as, for instance, Sir William Muir's "Rise, Progress, and Fall of the Caliphate," reviewed elsewhere. This important extension of business is but one evidence of the growth of our connexional publishing house.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

We congratulate our old friend and classmate, Professor Loudon, on his elevation to the chair of President of his *Alma Mater*. His long career as a student, tutor and professor has been one of marked distinction. He brings to the duties of his high office great force of character, a wide and thorough culture and a special prominence as an original investigator in his own department, that of "mathematical physics," as it is now called—one of the most important departments of a modern university.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The arrangements for the late Conference at Bradford were the most complete; the total cost of Conference was not less than $3,000. A sumptuous tea was provided daily at the expense of Sir Henry Mitchell, which it is believed cost at least $1,000.

There were 1,281 messages sent from the Conference telegraph office, and 800 received. There were 862 press messages, embracing 221,298 words. The *Methodist Recorder* wired no less than 100,000 words. One day between 2,000 and 3,000 letters were received.

The number of chapels and other preaching places in the Church is 8,118, which will seat 2,074,949. In ten years there was an increase of 264 chapels, and an increase of 213,989 in the number of hearers.

The number of probationers received into full connexion and ordained was thirty-eight.

There were 104 candidates for the ministry. Twenty-seven were declined.

Professor Randles, of Didsbury College, delivered the Fernley Lecture on "The Design and Use of Holy Scripture."

The District Meetings will in future be known as District Synods. The society tickets will be headed "Wesleyan Methodist *Church*" instead of "*Society.*"

The Rev. Geo. W. Olver, Senior Missionary Secretary, is to visit India and attend the Decennial and Triennial Missionary Conferences. Mr. Olver has a son and a daughter in the mission field of India.

The principal new mission commenced during the past year was that of Mashonaland, in South Africa. A church has been built in Spain, the first Methodist place of worship erected in that country.

A native Kaffir minister, the Rev. James M. Dwane, is in England soliciting funds for an industrial school in the Seplan Circuit, of which he is superintendent, with two native ministers, eighty local preachers and class-leaders, and 800 members.

Rev. J. C. Elliott, from India, gave an interesting account of the progress of religion among the soldiers. He said at least 15,000, or one-fourth of the army, were teetotalers, and at a meeting which he attended thirty-five pledged themselves to live lives of purity, and further that he had not seen a drunken soldier in India in five years.

Most of two sessions were occupied with the itinerent question, or the term of ministerial appointment to a circuit, and it was finally referred to a committee to report next Conference.

Dr. Stephenson, the ex-President, stated that during the year 173 children passed through the Home. In March 832 were resident in the several branches. Others had been in attendance preparing for embarkation to Canada, so that more than 1,000 had been cared for. This makes 3,061 who have been received since the Children's Home was established. The institution has seven shelters, three hospitals, six schools, four chapels, two mission halls, one convalescent home, three training farms, an emigration home and thirty houses filled with orphan and outcast children.

The following donations were received by the Conference from the Methodist Trust Assurance Company: $3,500 for the Worn Out Ministers' Fund. The proprietors of the *Methodist Recorder* sent $750 to the Annuitant Society and a similar amount to the Auxiliary

Society. Both these societies are on behalf of superannuated ministers. The treasurer of the *Methodist Times* sent a cheque for $1,496, to be applied to the Worn Out Ministers' Fund. Rev. Walford Green hopes soon to raise the expected sum of $100,000 for the same fund. Grants were also made from the Book Room to various funds, amounting to $21,500.

It is a matter of regret that the Children's Fund has a debt of $72,000, and that the *Joyful News* Mission is imperilled for lack of funds. Mr. Champness has one hundred *Joyful News* agents at work. Mrs. Argent, mother of the hero of Wusch, gave all the money to the Missionary Society which she received from the Chinese Government for the murder of her son.

In thirty years $45,000,000 have been spent in church building.

Methodist Episcopal.

It is proposed to erect mission premises in Rome, to consist of a church, college, theological seminary and printing department. The site chosen is on the same street as the king's palace and the Government buildings. Dr. Brert, the superintendent, is soliciting funds.

A Roman Catholic priest in the city of Mexico recently visited the Methodist headquarters, and made application to be received into the Church. This is the third prominent defection from high circles of Catholicism during one month.

Trinity Church, Denver, is said to be the largest Methodist church building in the world. It is valued at a quarter of a million dollars. Its $35,000 organ was the gift of one man, who leads the choir, and its $20,000 parsonage the gift of another. Dr. McIntyre has two assistant pastors, and but ten months' work is expected of him.

Chicago Methodism, from the little organization of 1832, with a total membership of seven, has grown to 107 organizations, with a total membership of 17,169. Of this number 12,819 are English-speaking people, 1,861 are Swedish, 1,442 are German, 785 are Norwegian and Danish, 162 Bohemian, 88 Welsh and 72 French.

Last July the Rev. Stephen R. Beggs, who originated the first Methodist society, after preaching in the garrison, delivered an address at the sixty-fifth anniversary of the origin of Methodism in that city. Mr. Beggs is ninety-two years old, and has been a member of the Missouri Conference for seventy years. It is proposed to hold a mighty camp meeting next door to the World's Fair.

Wesley Chapel, Washington, D.C., undertook Sunday afternoon services some time ago in the public square fronting the church. Out of this effort to reach the masses has grown an organization of young people and a contrivance known as the "Gospel Push-Cart." The work has extended to the "highways and hedges," the alleys and the courts. The cart is fitted with pulpit, organ, singing books, etc., and is pushed from place to place.

The Japanese community in San Francisco and surrounding towns number about 2,500, and is being added to at the rate of one hundred a month. During the past six months more than 400 have been converted. A church home is greatly needed.

This Church has among the Cherokees and Choctaws 36 missions, 35 missionaries, 1,115 members, 227 probationers and over 6,500 adherents.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Bishop Galloway has made hosts of friends during his visit to England. His address at the Wesleyan Conference was greatly eulogized.

Miss Alice Moore has gone to Piracicaba, Brazil, which is one of the most important missionary posts in the Church. Miss Moore is said to be a highly accomplished young lady, who, besides a college training, spent two winters in the Boston Conservatory of Music.

The Missionary Society is greatly burdened with debt, Rev. Dr. Lambuth, one of the missionaries from China, has been appointed specially

to the removal of the incubus. The *Nashville Christian Advocate* in a recent article says: "The spectacle of 1,300,000 Christians, many of whom live 'in ceiled houses,' are clad in purple and linen and also fare sumptuously every day, allowing every one of our mission-fields to suffer harm and damage because of a beggarly deficit of a little over $100,000, is not inspiring nor edifying."

In Georgia, where out of 136 counties 100 have adopted Local Option and prohibited the liquor traffic, a justice of the Supreme Court, in his charge to the grand jury, spoke as follows: "I have presided as judge in almost every section of Georgia, and I find that violations of the criminal law are nearly three-fourths as great in those counties where whiskey is retailed as in counties where prohibition is enforced and respected."

The Methodist Church.

The President of Newfoundland Conference is spending some time in Ontario, and has succeeded in securing some good subscriptions on behalf of the Methodist institutions in St. John's. All the circuits should liberally respond on behalf of our suffering brethren. The General Superintendent and presidents of the various conferences sanction the movement which should be successful.

The Montreal Methodists contemplate the establishment of deaconess' homes and training schools. Several deaconesses are already employed in the city, and they can do work where ministers cannot.

The Young People's Association of Ontario is becoming an influential organization. An Epworth League was recently formed at Grimsby Park, and an annual gathering at that celebrated place will no doubt be a great impetus to the League work.

The French Methodist Institute at Montreal has had a prosperous year. There were seventy-two students present, thirty-six of each sex. Of this number fifteen were from Roman Catholic families, and there were several Indians from Oka, Caughnawaga, the St. Regis tribe and the Nipissing district.

Rev. Dr. Maclean, for some years missionary among the Indians in the North-West, while spending some time in England, delivered several missionary addresses which were well received. His portrait is published in the *British Missionary Notices*, with several extracts from his book, "The Indians of Canada." The said book deserves an extensive sale.

Japan Conference.

One of our Japan brethren has kindly sent us a copy of the Minutes of their Fourth Conference which we have perused with pleasure. Our old friend, Rev. Dr. Cochrane, is president; and Rev. F. A. Cassidy, M.A., English, and Rev. M. Kobayashi, Japanese secretary.

There were fifteen ministers and eight laymen present. Of the probationers six were received into full connexion and ordained, four of whom were natives, eleven others were continued on trial, five were received on trial, and two others were permitted to be employed under chairmen.

The membership is now 1,928, net increase 142, baptisms 2,658, 1,333 Sunday-school scholars, 395 of whom are in Bible classes.

The Conference School has an average attendance of forty-two. In the Woman's Work six Bible women have been employed, who had visited 1,864 persons; 169 weekly meetings had been held.

The five schools under the care of the Women's Missionary Society are all doing a grand work. Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. Strachan from Canada were introduced to the Conference and were most cordially received. Mrs. Spencer Large was also in attendance and presented the report of the Women's Missionary Society's work in Japan.

Our brethren have also commenced the publication of a weekly paper called *Gokyō Newspaper*, which in one year has reached a circulation of 262.

The Japan Conference is doing a grand work in which the Methodists of Canada feel deep interest.

Book Notices.

My Canadian Journal, 1872-78. Extracts from my Letters Home, written while Lord Dufferin was Governor-General. By the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. Author of "Our Vice-Regal Life in India." With illustrations from sketches by Lord Dufferin, portrait and map. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This daintily printed volume will be highly prized by many Canadian readers. It consists of a series of unconventional letters written by Lady Dufferin to her mother from week to week. They give an inside view to vice-regal life at Rideau Hall and its domestic relations. Lord Dufferin and his charming Countess greatly endeared themselves to all classes of society during their sojourn in Canada. The volume before us describes in a very graceful manner their many journeys throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, their sporting excursions, their social receptions, the drawing-rooms, dinners and other State functions, their out-of-door winter sports, sea-bathing, football and paper chase matches, and the whole round of vice-regal gaieties.

Everywhere that they went they were met by Irish settlers who had known His Excellency and Countess in dear old Ireland. No Canadian governor ever travelled so extensively in Canada and the United States, nor was received with such *eclat* in the great cities. Lord Dufferin's happy knack of brilliant speech-making left everywhere a most pleasing impression. The sketches of scenery and humours of American travel, especially of hotel life in Chicago, San Francisco, New York and Boston, are very pleasing reading. At Toronto, to which the Countess pays some very pleasant compliments, a great *contretemps* took place. She was announced to be "at home" to receive visitors, so sat in state, but nobody came. "Has nobody called?" asked His Lordship. "Oh, yes," said the servant, "but I said, 'Not at home.'" "We found one hundred and four people had recorded their names in the visitor's book, so we had to sit down and write one hundred and four notes to explain."

When Mr. Mackenzie became premier a dinner was given to the new ministers. "I am trying to become a Grit," writes the Countess, "but I can't quite manage it. It takes me as much time as the outside edge backwards. I sat between Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Cartwright; I like them both; the latter is very talkative and pleasant. Mr. Mackenzie is very straightforward and nice, and very Scotch in accent and looks."

The Countess was amused by the unconventional street etiquette in Toronto. While walking with Lord Dufferin a man looked over his shoulder and said, "'It is quite pleasant to see you walking along the street like this,' and then talked to us about our trip, and especially of our reception by the Americans." Of that reception Lady Dufferin says: "I have been sorry to pass so very lightly over the cordiality and the friendliness invariably shown us whenever we crossed our borders into the United States; for whether we were travelling officially through Chicago or Detroit, or went as ordinary visitors to New York or Boston, we were always received with a kindness and hospitality which we can never forget." They called upon the venerable poet Longfellow, and received a souvenir poem.

In the famous club dinner at Toronto, Lord Dufferin, speaking of his extensive tour through the great Northwest, says, "Never has the head of any Government passed through a land so replete with contentment, with the present so pregnant of promise in the future. From the northern forest border lands, whose primeval recesses are being

pierced and indented by the rough-and-ready cultivation of the free-grant settler, to the trim enclosure and wheat-laden townships that smile along the lakes; from the orchards of Niagara to the hunting-grounds of Nipegon; in the wigwam of the Indian, in the homestead of the farmer, in the workshop of the artisan, in the office of his employer—everywhere have I learned that the people are satisfied; satisfied with their own individual prospects and with the prospects of their country; satisfied with their Government and with the institutions under which they prosper; satisfied to be the subjects of the Queen; satisfied to be members of the British Empire."

Small wonder that Lady Dufferin describes their last day in Canada, although the day itself was lovely, as "one of the most miserable I ever spent," so poignant were her regrets at leaving the Dominion. In introducing his successor, Lord Lorne, in his farewell speech Lord Dufferin said: "I only know of one fault, of one congenital defect which attached to his appointment as Governor-General of Canada—he was not an Irishman." Lord Dufferin certainly owed much of his own social success to his genial Irish wit and humour. His brilliant career since leaving Canada, and especially the philanthropic labours for her dusky sisters in India, is very gratifying to all Canadians. The volume is illustrated with a number of engravings of Canadian scenes from the skilful pencil of Lord Dufferin, and with admirable portraits of His Excellency and Countess.

The Voice from Sinai: The Eternal Bases of the Moral Law. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. New York: Thos. Whittaker. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Another volume of sermons by Canon Farrar will be welcomed with great pleasure by a multitude of appreciative readers. None which he has published has a more august theme or a higher purpose. The same noble qualities which mark his other writings are apparent also in this—the intense moral earnestness, the boldness and sternness in rebuking sin like one of the Hebrew prophets, the tenderness and love for the erring as of a Saint John. Seldom is such profound learning wedded to such graceful style. The best thought of the best thinkers of many ages and many tongues is brought as rich spoil wherewith to adorn and enforce the truths of holy writ. Like St. Chrysostom, in the Church of Saint Sophia, rebuking the vices and sins of Byzantium, is this prophetic voice of Westminster, rebuking the sins of the great modern Babylon. The preacher shows the exceeding breadth of God's commands, how they search the inmost heart, and regard not merely the overt act but also the secret thought. We thank God for such a great preacher as Archdeacon Farrar, and for so brave and strong an echo in the high places of the earth of the ancient Voice from Sinai.

The Preacher's Complete Homiletic Commentary on the Old Testament. With critical and exegetical notes. By Twenty Distinguished Homilists. Vol. I., Genesis. By Rev. J. S. Exell, M.A., and Rev. T. H. Leale, A.K.C. Cloth 8vo, 747 pp. $3. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is the first volume of an extensive work of twenty volumes on the Old Testament, printed from imported plates obtained from the publishers in London, where the entire work has been issued after years of preparation. In this great Commentary, by various authors, is found a sermon outline or homiletic suggestion on every paragraph or verse of the Old Testament that can be turned to use in the preparation of a sermon. Abundant choice selections of illustrations, etc., from many eminent sources other than the authors of the volumes, are also given. Except in some introductory, critical and explanatory notes preceding each chapter, no foreign words, such as Hebrew or Greek, are used. The type is large and clear, and the books convenient to handle.

The treasures of the Word of God cannot be exhausted. It is the business and duty of the preacher to find these treasures, to present them to

the people, to show their inestimable value, that those to whom they minister may become "rich unto salvation."

Many of the rich deposits of truth are hidden even from the most diligent workman; he must use all means possible to discover these; and how often there comes to the devoted, cultured mind an illumination that shows the treasures lying in a text or passage hitherto regarded as almost barren.

No one need fear that he will sacrifice his own independence of research by examining a text in the light reflected by others; the texts are not depleted by elucidations, but on the contrary, the elucidations serve to suggest trains of thought which, in the subtle play of action, other minds will frequently lead up to ideas which eluded even the commentators.

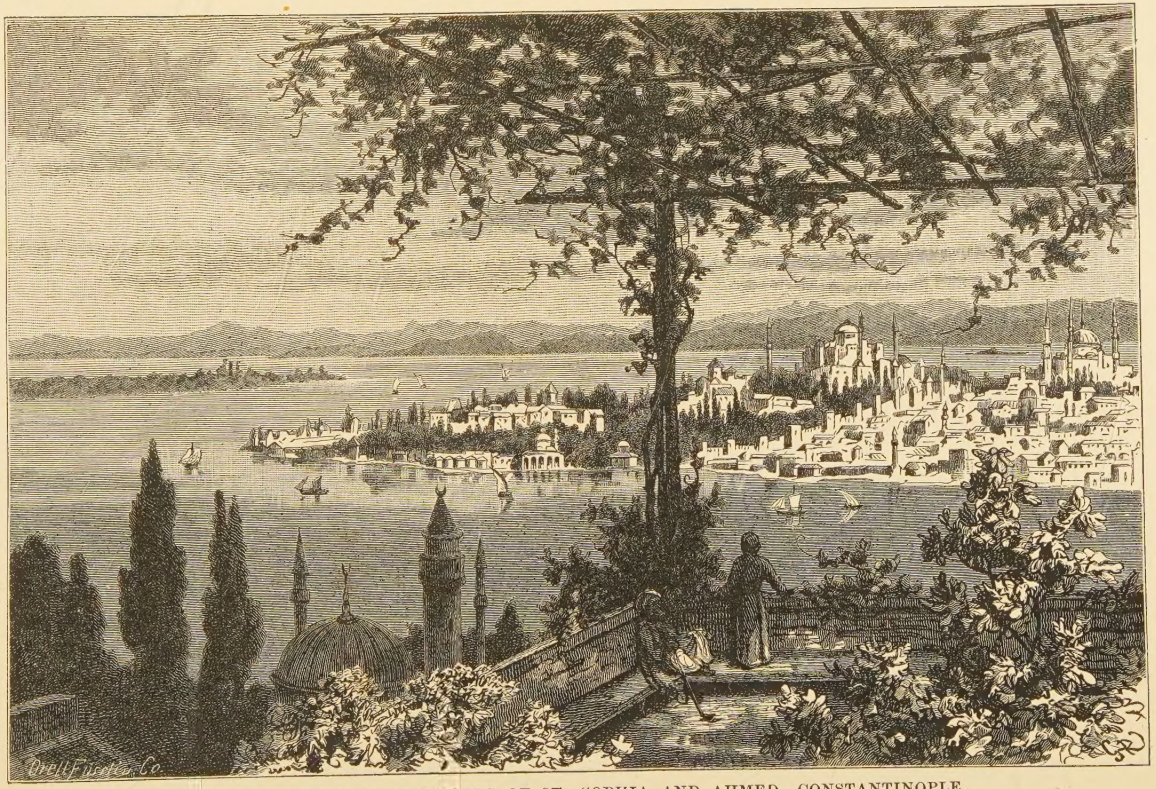
This work is not of the nature of a labour-saving machine. Its purpose is to furnish fructifying germs, calling for abundance of labour, but designed to render the labour in the highest degree fruitful.

Genesis I. and Modern Science. By CHARLES B. WARRING, Ph.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.00.

This is one of the ablest discussions of the relations of science and the revelation that we have read. Dr. Warring, who has for many years made this and cognate subjects a profound study, in this volume successfully meets, we think, most of the current objections of a pseudo-science to the statements of holy Scripture as recorded in the first chapter of Genesis. To give point and force to these objections, he puts them in the mouth of a scientific professor, who urges them "for all they are worth," to use a current phrase. The objections are clearly and strongly stated, and as clearly and strongly met. The author shows that most of these objections lie against, not what Moses *said*, but against the glosses and interpretations which have been put upon Moses by his various commentators. When the conclusions of science are compared with what Moses really *did* say, the most marvellous coincidences are made apparent, coincidences which by the doctrine of probabilities would be simply incomprehensible if they had not been the result of divine revelation. The book is exceedingly readable, and contains in less than two hundred and fifty pages an admirable demonstration, on the basis of the latest science, of the wonderful inerrancy of the sublime Hymn of Creation, which forms the prelude to the Scriptures of Holy Writ.

The Lord's Prayer—Seven Homilies. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 198. Price, $1.25.

Dr. Gladden has won a noble fame as a plain interpreter of the Word of God and of the application of religion to everyday life. His book on "Applied Christianity," and other practical works, have been of great service to the cause of religious truth. The present volume, he tells us, was suggested by the short but incisive letters of Mr. John Ruskin to an English clergyman, and published in the *Contemporary Review*. One of these questions is as follows: "Can this Gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms that a plain man can understand it?" Among these plain words he thinks the Lord's prayer fundamental. This is the idea which Dr. Gladden takes up and works out. In the busy hurry of modern life the habit of thoughtful meditation and devout and earnest prayer is too often apt to be overlooked. This book will be greatly helpful as a corrective to this fault. The author unfolds the beauty and depth of meaning of the matchless prayer of our Lord, and shows its universal application and its adaptation to all men's needs. Those who read this volume will doubtless find new meaning in those sacred words with which every child in Christendom becomes familiar at its mother's knee.



SERAGLIO POINT AND MOSQUES OF ST. SOPHIA AND AHMED, CONSTANTINOPLE.